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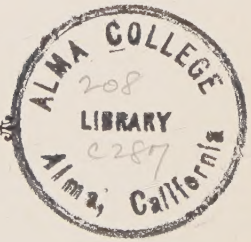

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CONTENTS.

St. Benedict. By the Right Rev. Abbot Snow, O.S.B.

Positivism. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.

The Catholic's Library of Tales. No IX.:—

The Children of Mary. By H. M. Lushington.

A Rosary Bead. By L. E. Dobrée.

A Visit and its Consequences. By M. M.

St Augustine, Apostle of England. By the Rev. A. J. Saxton.

St. Mary Magdalen and other Women of the New Testament.

The Catholic's Library of Poems. No. VIII.

The Abuse of Indulgences.

The English and Foreign Reformation.

A Letter to the Working Men of England.

Popery on every Coin of the Realm.

Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England. II.—Tradition the sustaining Power of the Protestant View. By Cardinal Newman.

St. Benedict,

Patriarch of Western Monks;

BY THE

RIGHT REV. T. B. SNOW, O.S.B.

In Rome, about the year 490, a little boy with his satchel daily trudged to school from his lodging on the banks of the Tiber. The streets through which he passed bore evidence of invasion and disaster: the hordes of Alaric in 410, of Genseric in 455, of Ricanor in 476, had spoiled and dismantled temple and palace, and left the city a wreck of its former splendour. A boy of ten cares little for historic grandeur, but confines his interest in the world to his school and his home. He was bright and intelligent, with a serious air, and an inner depth in his eyes that suggested thought and recollection beyond his years. He slipped through the streets unnoticed by the uncouth swaggering Teutons, who loved to jostle and jeer at the crestfallen Roman patricians. Had they known his future, they would have stopped to look at the little lad, whom God designed to shape the destinies of their race.

St. Benedict was born in 480 at Nursia in the Sabine mountains, half way between Rome and Ancona. His father, Anicius Eupropius, was a patrician of influence and wealth, so that Benedict and his twin sister Scholastica enjoyed the comforts of a well appointed home under the

tender care of their pious mother Abundantia. In those troubled days Anicius often looked with tearful heart on his dear ones, and Abundantia's love for them would not allay his fears. Education in Nursia seemed out of the question, and the father decided that Benedict would be safer unnoticed in the great city of Rome, and could there receive a training suitable to his position. He selected a trustworthy servant to accompany and take charge of him, by name Cyrilla, probably half slave, half companion, and a type of vigilance and faithfulness. He arranged for their lodging at the house of a relative on the left bank of the Tiber, and gave Cyrilla strict injunctions as to the importance of the charge that he was committing to her care.

It was an anxious and a precious charge, but it was her only one and she gave all the love of a faithful heart to fulfil it. Rome was at that time a hotbed of vice: and in the midst of its wickedness Cyrilla, with ever watchful eye, preserved intact in her charge the bloom of innocence, and kept undimmed the light of grace in his soul. God had given him special gifts, for He had designed him for a great mission; he was intelligent, quick at learning, and most remarkable for interior recollection; he cared not for the games and pleasures of other boys, but delighted to be alone with God. On the wall of his room was a fresco of our Lady, and before this image of his heavenly Mother he daily sought her protection and won her love. His grammar, his school, Cyrilla, and his prayers, made up the daily routine of his life in Rome for years.

A change came: whether his opening mind was horrified at the heinousness of sin in Rome, or whether from a direct call from God to give up the world, hope of advancement, and earthly learning to seek Him and Him alone, the young Benedict resolved to fly from Rome. With trustful simplicity he told Cyrilla his intention, and implored her consent. Cyrilla was sorely perplexed: in the absence of means to communicate with his father, the crisis taxed all her judgment and

tact. Doubtless she entreated, conjured, and did her utmost to dissuade him; but the inner light in his soul, warned her of a divine power that her own pious soul dared not resist. Accordingly as a faithful guardian she resolved at all events to go with him, and thus, as far as she could, remain loyal to her trust.

The eager Benedict brooked no delay, and preparations at once commenced: there were no farewells, save perhaps a few tears before his Madonna on the wall. The careful Cyrilla made up a bundle, and evading prying eyes, the two passed through the gates of the city, and sallied forth into the Campagna. They were a strange pair on a strange journey: the boy light and joyous, like a bird escaping from its cage; Cyrilla sad, silent, and distrustful: he with his thoughts bounding on to some undefined region where he could be with God alone; she with her thoughts at Nursia wondering what his father would say. But where were they going? Simply onwards, they knew not where, but making for the blue line of mountains in the distance. For forty miles they trudged on, passing villa and hamlet, until they reached Enfide at the base of the Sabine mountains.

Enfide is now a wretched dirty hamlet, and perhaps was no better then. The rough peasants received them kindly, and on Benedict consenting to stay, lodged him and Cyrilla, who passed for his mother, in or near the church. Here they lived for months: the patrician boy, delicately nurtured, with rare mental gifts, with great spiritual lights, who, St. Gregory tells us, passed from youth to manhood at a single bound, daily mingled and associated with rude uncultured rustics, shared their food, endured their rough ways, and led their life. It was however liberty for him for he was free to kneel hour after hour in the village church, his soul absorbed in communing with God. Cyrilla grew pensive and wondered how it would all end: she ministered to his wants, and procured for him what comforts she could.

One day she left on the table an earthernware sieve that she had borrowed from a neighbour; by some mishap the crock fell and parted in the middle. Cyrilla on

her return was so distressed at the accident and its consequences, that she sat down for a good cry. Benedict finding her in tears sought without success to console her, so taking away the broken pieces, he knelt down outside and prayed: in a few minutes he returned with a smiling face and showed her the sieve completely restored. This miracle, though trivial in itself, served an important purpose: for it showed the divine sanction for the flight from Rome, which otherwise appeared as a wilful escapade of a runaway schoolboy; it showed his progress in prayer and union with God, and it showed that he had an affectionate heart, and dearly loved Cyrilla. The rustics gaped with astonishment at the miracle, and showed their appreciation in their own simple way by hanging up the sieve in the Church. This veneration pleased not the young Benedict: he yearned to be away from every one alone with God, and his thoughts turned to further flight. This time, though it cost his heart a struggle, he resolved not to take Cyrilla into his confidence; he watched for his opportunity, and one day Cyrilla arose and found the boy missing. She searched the neighbourhood, made every inquiry, and finding all her efforts useless, she doubtless made her way back to Nursia to tell his father as best she could. Here ends all record of Cyrilla, and we may hope that she has long enjoyed her reward in heaven for her tender care of one of God's greatest saints.

Benedict hurried into the fastnesses of the mountains to escape notice; he climbed over rock and through bramble, rounding the spur of the range until he came to the ravine that connects the present Subiaco with Genezzano. Here was a scene of nature's wild grandeur. Nero, attracted by the savage beauty of the spot, had dammed the torrent at its exit from the valley so as to form a lake, and there built a palace. The palace was in ruins and long deserted: its dismantled portals and prostrate pillars added to the desolation. Beyond the placid surface of the lake the eye lost itself in the dim gloom of the ravine, and the ear was dinned with the

angry roar of the torrent. On either side rugged bold rocks jutted up in sheer precipices amid the tangled vegetation.

While Benedict gazed with delight at a scene that promised the fulfilment of his hopes, and deliberated how he could reach the inaccessible heights, there came towards him a man in the garb of a monk. When the first alarm at discovery had subsided, the air of sanctity about the stranger gained his confidence, and after a few words, Benedict opened his heart, and fully disclosed his designs and aspirations. The holy Romanus, far from discouraging the youth, felt that it was not a chance meeting, but that God had sent him as a guide to a chosen soul. He entered into the plans of the youthful hermit, procured for him the habit of a monk, and offered to shew him a secret cave that would suit his purpose. They clambered from rock to rock up some hundreds of feet on the right side of the ravine, the monk steadying the uncertain footing of the boy through the pathless brambles. By dint of great exertion and some danger they reached a small cave with an overhanging mass of rock above, and below a giddy precipice of several hundred feet. Romanus promised to provide him with food from his monastery at the top of the mountain, and as the cave was inaccessible from above, he arranged, to let it down in a basket by a rope, to which a bell was attached to give warning of its approach. He cheered him with words of encouragement, gave him his blessing, and left the young anchoret alone with God.

Truly alone with God, for he had completely cut off the past. The ancestral home at Nursia, the ties of family, a career of promise, the pursuit of learning, even the dear old nurse, the last link, everything was cut off: he had no one and nothing but God. Picture that delicately nurtured boy of fourteen in his new home. The jagged rock walls of the cave enclosed an uneven rock floor some twelve feet by six, the rock ceiling scarcely allowing sufficient room for standing: there was no door to exclude the weather night or day, no seat or vestige of furniture, no blanket to cover him, nor even

straw to lie upon. He saw no one, spoke to no one. The tinkling of the bell announcing his food was the only communication with the world. Morning, noon, and night followed morning, noon, and night without break or change for three years. The days were short, the nights long, for the sun shone but a short time on the deep ravine. He had no protection from the bitter cold of the night, no lamp to mitigate the darkness, no shelter from the piercing wind, the drifting rain, the raw fog, or the icy sleet. Without fire, without change of clothes, sometimes without food, he passed through the heat of summer, and the sharp cold of winter, steadfast to his purpose, without flinching, without even wishing for a change.

What was the occupation of this boy of fourteen? Simply prayer, and union with God. God spoke to him, and he spoke to God. Without book, or master, or guide, he trusted entirely to God, and God Himself taught him the higher paths of spiritual life, enlightened his mind, filled his soul. His only helps to devotion consisted in a wooden cross, and, it is said, four medals of our Lord, our Lady, St. John the Baptist, and St. Antony. Truly God is wonderful in His saints, but there are few whom He has thus adopted in tender years, and guided and directed solely by His own hand. In this cave St. Benedict learned detachment, mortification, humility, poverty, silence, love of God; and attained that wonderful illumination of soul, supernatural insight, and knowledge of the heart, that never left him through a long life.

For ten or fifteen years St. Benedict dwelt in this living tomb, and during the first three years, unknown and in complete solitude. He had his temptations and trials. One day a vivid image of an acquaintance in Rome suddenly fixed itself on his mind, agitated his whole frame, and for the moment tempted him to leave his solitude in order to seek her: he speedily recovered his self-possession, went forth from his cave, took off his garments, and naked rolled himself in a tangle of nettles and briars. He made the thorns enter and lacerate his flesh, so that

their wounds covered his whole body. By this prompt and heroic act of penance, he not only conquered the immediate temptation, but freed himself for ever from similar assaults, and passed the rest of his life in angelic purity.

Having completely cut off the world, and gained a decisive victory over the flesh, he suffered, like many anchoret saints, the direct persecution of the devil. Envious of the sanctity of the saint and the charity of Romanus, the archfiend maliciously smashed the tinkling bell that heralded the saint's spare diet. Like many other spiteful bits of mischief it proved a failure, for Romanus easily remedied the disaster. The devil seems to have been particularly active against St. Benedict, for St. Gregory records many instances of his envy and malice.

After three years of special training by himself in the cave, God determined that this bright light should be no longer hidden under a bushel, but should shine upon men. On Easter day a good priest, who lived four miles from the cave, had prepared a repast suitable to the great festival, when our Lord appeared, and said to him: "Are you preparing dainties for yourself, while My servant is tortured with hunger?" The priest arose, packed up his food, and set off down the mountain side, crossed the valley, and with much difficulty and some bruises climbed up the rocks until he found the cave. St. Benedict welcomed the first human being that he had seen for three years, and invited him to join in prayer, after which they sat down and engaged in spiritual conversation until the priest said, "Let us get up and take some food, for it is Easter day." "I know it is Easter," humbly replied the Saint, "since to-day I have had the good fortune to see you." "But to-day is really the festival of our Lord's Resurrection, and it is not fitting to abstain on it. For this purpose I am sent to you, that we may eat together the gifts of the great God." St. Benedict had lost all count of the days, so secluded was he from the world. Blessing God, they took their food together, talked afterwards of spiritual things, and the priest returned to his church.

Soon after this some peasants climbing up the mountain side, came by chance into the cave, and to their astonishment saw there what they took to be a beast from the texture of his garments. When he arose and spoke to them of God, their amazement turned into awe and reverence. On their return they told their fellow rustics of the wonderful apparition that they had seen, and told their story with such effect that several others ventured up the precipice to verify its truth, and eventually a succession of peasants constantly visited the cave. St. Benedict, far from repelling them and flying again into deeper solitude, received them kindly and attended to their spiritual wants. At all hours, whenever they came, he spoke to them gently, instructed them in the truths of religion, explained to them their duties, warmed their hearts with the love of God, and communicated to them some of the heavenly light that illumined his soul. This missionary work he continued for years, giving an example of zeal, patience, and perseverance that served as a model for numberless bands of his children, who for centuries have been engaged in similar missionary toil through the length and breadth of Europe.

The fame of the sanctity of the young anchoret, and the good results of his teaching and instruction on the neighbouring villages, spread far and wide through the country: not only peasants, but men of standing, and other recluses, came to visit him and profit by his counsel and celestial lights. Reports circulated of miracles and wonders wrought by his prayers: indeed, God seems to have granted special supernatural powers to His servant all through his life. About the year 520, the monks of a community at Vicovarro, a few miles from Subiaco, lost their abbot. The monks cared little for rule or observance but thinking that they would gain reputation by the presence of one who was attracting the admiration of all, they resolved to invite him to take charge of their monastery. They selected a deputation, who went to his cave to urge their petition. The saint for a long time declined, telling them plainly that his way of life would not agree with theirs: unwilling to return without accomplishing

their task they persisted in entreating him, until he reluctantly yielded to their importunity.

As soon as he had taken possession of his new and anxious charge, he at once commenced to exact regular observance, and to insist on the fulfilment of every rule. This did not in any way suit their taste: they preferred that he should observe the rule and attract notice by his sanctity, and that they should jog on comfortably in their old ways. They began first to accuse each other of folly in bringing this man into their midst, they tried to evade the rule, and when they found themselves compelled to observe it in his presence, they strove to avoid him, they disliked him, they hated him and finally resolved at all costs to get rid of him. They held a council, the devil entered into their hearts, and they determined to poison him, arranging to mix poison with the wine that he took at supper. At the appointed time they assembled in the refectory, some with their heads bent down inwardly trembling, others casting furtive glances at the saint, all eagerly expecting the presentation of the fatal cup. In due course the one selected approached with the vessel before the holy father, and held it out, according to custom, for his blessing. St. Benedict raised his hand, made the sign of the cross over it, and crash went the vessel as if struck by a stone, the poisoned liquid escaping on the ground. The holy man rose with unruffled mind, and with a calm countenance addressed the cowering pallid assassins "Brothers, may Almighty God forgive you. Why have you done this to me? Did I not tell you from the first that my ways and your ways would not agree? Go, find some father after your own heart, for you can have me no longer." He then gently arose, quietly walked through them, and without anger or excitement went forth through the night air across the rough country until he came to his beloved solitude in the mountain cave.

His days of complete solitude had passed away, for his sanctity attracted many earnest men, who asked him to allow them to join in his heavenly life, and to live near

him. He did not collect them together in one large body, but separated them into communities of about a dozen monks. In this manner he founded no less than twelve monasteries round Subiaco. A two mile radius would include all the monasteries, so that although each had a superior, they were all under his own supervision: he prescribed the observance, frequently visited them, animated them with his own spirit, and tried to form them after the model, that God had taught him during his long term of solitary life. The monks loved him as a father, they venerated him as a saint, they listened with reverence to him as a master, and strove to conform their life to his teaching. St. Benedict had laid the foundation of his title of Patriarch of Western Monks.

Venantius Fortunatus tells us that about this time St. Benedict visited Rome, twenty-five years after his flight with Cyrilla. The establishment of twelve monasteries entailed many details of administration both spiritual and temporal: necessary articles for the churches, books which were scarce in those days, a supply of priests, and a thousand other things needed provision, and above all ecclesiastical sanction and the blessing of the Holy See for the new institute. St. Benedict received the greatest honour and veneration in Rome; he was accommodated in the Vatican hill, and soon formed a community around him, which, although in the city, he imbued with his own spirit. The power of working miracles did not desert him, for Fortunatus mentions that the result of his prayers gained the admiration and veneration of the whole Senate. Business in Rome prolonged his stay there for two years, after which with a sense of relief he returned to his dear children at Subiaco.

The veneration for the holy patriarch during his sojourn in Rome induced three of the most influential patricians, Equitius, Tertullus, and Boetius, to pay a visit to Subiaco. These nobles were astounded at the heavenly life of the monks; the quiet of the ravine, the air of sanctity, the spirit of recollection, the earnestness of purpose, the utter disregard of earthly pleasure, the celestial peace that pervaded the monastic homes, made

these worldly nobles look upon the monks as beings of a higher world, as angels on earth. These impressions passed not away, for on their return Equitius and Tertullus determined that their families should in some way share in the heavenly life, and the former took his son Maurus, a boy of twelve, and the latter, Placid, a child of only seven years of age, offered them to St. Benedict, and begged him to take charge of them. Others followed this example; and St. Benedict received the children, not as in a school for the purpose of education, but as given to God to become monks, and to grow up from their childhood, as he did, in the practice of monastic life.

Numbers of all ages left the world to adopt the monastic life, and monks of other monasteries petitioned to be allowed to place themselves under the guidance of St. Benedict, and be numbered among his children. He established fresh monasteries in various parts of Italy, sending monks, whom he had trained, to govern and breathe his spirit into them. He himself remained at Subiaco for seven years after his return from Rome; he shewed no elation at the success of his labours, or at the veneration paid to him by all, but retained the same humility, the same interior spirit, the same supernatural insight and power, that he had acquired in his cave.

He used his miraculous powers for the solace and comfort of his brethren. Three of the monasteries near the top of the mountain suffered much from want of water, which was carried up from the lake below. The brethren complained of the labour and waste of time, and suggested a change of site. The saint consoled them, and promised to see what could be done. The same night, while the brethren slept, he took the boy Placid, ascended the mountain side to the rocks above, knelt down, and prayed. He arose, fixed three stones to mark the place, and returned to his cell. Next morning he told the brethren to go to a certain rock, near which they would find three stones, and if they excavated there, God would supply them with water to lighten their labours. At the spot indicated they found the rock already moist, and on digging a small hole a stream of clear water burst from the rock.

A poor Goth, during his term of probation, was ordered to clear some underwood by the side of the lake; during the work the head of his axe parted from the handle, and fell into deep water. Troubled at the mishap and humbly attributing it to his own fault, he hurried to Maurus, confessed his fault and asked for a penance. Maurus mentioned the matter to the saint, who was moved at the poor man's distress and humility, went down to the edge of the lake, and cast the handle into the water: the head of the axe came up from the bottom and fitted itself to the handle. St. Benedict quietly gave him the axe, saying: "Go on with your work, and be not troubled."

One day the boy Placid was sent to draw some water from the lake, and the pitcher slipped from his hands into the water: in his surprise he lost his footing and fell in after it, the current carrying him some distance from the bank. St. Benedict, who was reading in his cell at the time, hastily called Maurus, told him that the boy was struggling in the water, and ordered him to go quickly and bring him out. Maurus ran off with all speed, seized Placid by the hair, dragged him ashore, and when they were both safely on the bank, he found to his utter surprise that his clothes were dry, and that he had been walking on the water. When he related the wonderful event to St. Benedict, the saint attributed it to his prompt obedience, while Maurus assigned it to the command of St. Benedict; when Placid settled the contest of humility by declaring that while he was being dragged ashore he saw the figure of the holy father standing over him.

These instances of miraculous power give us a glimpse of the holiness of the saint, of his entire trust in God in difficulties, and of the favour with which God regarded him. One day while at prayer an angel appeared and told him that God would grant all that he should ask, and that he had been sent to assure him of His protection. The man of God profoundly humbled himself at these words, and protested that he was unworthy of any favour, and that he desired nothing but to fulfil the divine will. The angel replied that God had granted him four special

favours: that his Order should last to the end of the world, and be of great service to the Church in the final battle: that all who faithfully followed his rule should be saved: that those who protected his Order should be blessed by heaven: and that those who inflicted injury on it should perish miserably.

Persecutions are marks of God's favour to His saints, and He allowed St. Benedict to share in this blessing. A secular priest named Florentinus, who had charge of a neighbouring church, was filled with envy at the reputation of the monks. He depreciated their life, and spread malicious reports: they interfered with the work of priests, they were lazy, they set themselves above others, they worked for show, they were not as good as they looked, there was no use in all this austerity, they ought to be content to live like other Christians, and similar things that have been often repeated against monks from that day to this. Finding that this jealous talk had no effect, he schemed various plans to undermine the influence of the Saint, and on the failure of his designs, worked himself up to such a pitch of envy that he attempted his life. He put poison in a loaf, and succeeded in having it placed in the refectory before the Saint. A tame raven, whom St. Benedict fed at meal times, took its usual place expecting its customary allowance: the holy father, knowing by divine light the contents of the loaf, commanded the raven to carry it to the mountains. The obedient bird hopped round the loaf, flapped its wings and croaked, being unable to move the mass of bread. St. Benedict again and again encouraged it, saying: "Take it up, take it up, and carry it safely where no one can find it." The raven at last gained courage, dug its claws into the loaf and flew off with it, returning three hours later to receive the reward of its exertions from the hands of the Saint.

Florentinus, unabashed by this failure and exposure, next endeavoured to undermine the discipline of the monks, and even attempted to corrupt their morals by base and infamous means. St. Benedict had never once

uttered a word of complaint or anger at these persecutions, and enjoined his monks to bear them patiently without murmur. As long as they were directed against himself personally he heeded them not, but when danger threatened his children, he meekly thought that by absenting himself he would secure peace to them, and accordingly he resolved to leave Subiaco and retire elsewhere.

The thought of leaving his dear children saddened his heart, and he suffered great interior trial, when our Lord in a vision consoled him, and said to him: "Why, My beloved son, are you sad at a time when I am about to employ your ministry in a work of the greatest glory to Me? I wish you to carry the light of the gospel to Monte Cassino, where Satan usurps My honour. For this end I give you My Spirit. Arise then, take heart, for I will always be your protector. I will confound your adversary, and will make you victorious whatever enemies may oppose you." Comforted and encouraged by this magnificent promise, he hastened the arrangements for his departure. He assembled his sorrowing monks, and told them what grief he suffered in parting from them, but that God had confided to him a mission that would increase His glory. He begged them to remain steadfast to rule, faithful in observance, and fervent in spirit, as if he were still in the midst of them. His own inclination would lead him to remain with them till death, but as God had designed otherwise, His holy will must be done; he asked them to pray for him, and told them that he would ever have them in his heart. He could not check the tears, sobs, and lamentations of his children who were inconsolable at the loss of their father.

Taking with him a few monks, St. Benedict in the year 529 set out from his beloved ravine where he had spent thirty-five years of union with God. One of the four prophecies announced by the angel was about to be verified, for a terrible doom awaited Florentinus: he stood on a balcony in his house, and saw St. Benedict sorrowfully wending his way from Subiaco. The sight filled his heart with joy, and he gave way to his delight

and exultation at the success of his efforts, when the balcony on which he stood fell, and the unfortunate priest was killed instantaneously. As soon as the news reached Subiaco, Maurus with some others hurried with all speed to overtake St. Benedict, and coming up to him after ten miles, they breathlessly told him that his persecutor was dead, and that he might return. The Saint, in great distress both at the sad end of his enemy and at the joy expressed by Maurus, inflicted a salutary penance on his disciple for his unseemly exultation, but still continued his journey to Monte Cassino.

Half way between Rome and Naples a bold spur of the Abruzzi mountains juts out into the plain, lifting its precipitous sides abruptly from a scene of pastoral beauty. The silver Liris sparkles in the sunshine, and threads its way through vineyard and cornfield, through hamlet and olive grove, until it is hidden by the distant hills. Like a huge watch tower, Monte Cassino commands the peaceful plain. Here St. Benedict and his companions halted. After fifty miles of journeying across country sleeping in the wilds at night, and leaving as tradition points out, the impression of his form on the rock, the Saint reached the spot destined by God to be the centre of monastic life, and the homestead of the Benedictine family.

A rude half-civilized people dwelt on the mountains and laboured in the plain. They were not Christians even, for they still practised pagan rites. On the summit of Monte Cassino a temple was erected over a statue of Apollo, and the rough peasants came to make their offerings, and slay their victims at this last stronghold of Satan in Italy. St. Benedict, inflamed with zeal for the glory of God, and filled with apostolic courage, ascended the mountain, at once overturned the idol, demolished the temple, and burned the sacred grove. He was moved with pity at the miserable state of the idolatrous people, and threw himself entirely into the missionary work of converting them. He was constantly among them : day by day going from hamlet to hamlet, preaching and explaining to them the truths of the gospel : by his

humility, gentleness, assiduity, and his heavenly spirit, he gradually gained their hearts and enlightened their minds. St. Gregory says that his preaching was continual: he gave himself no rest until he had converted the whole neighbourhood, thus in his own person forecasting the future of so many of his sons, who in after ages were destined to be the apostles of nations. For the convenience of the people he erected an altar to St. John the Baptist, and a church to St. Martin.

While the holy patriarch was thus devoting his energies to missionary work, his monks were busy under his direction in building their monastery on the summit of the mountain. At three thousand feet above the sea, and without appliances, this proved to be no easy task. To increase the difficulty the devil worried them by impish and spiteful tricks. At one time flames burst from a part of the building, and the monks in consternation rushed hither and thither with buckets and water in fruitless endeavours to stay the conflagration. The clamour brought the holy Patriarch to the spot, but he saw no fire, and perceived that it was a trick of the devil: by his prayer he dispelled the illusion. Another day the devil appeared to the Saint in his cell, and jeeringly told him that he was going to help the brothers at their work. St. Benedict sent word to them to be cautious; the devil however contrived to overturn a wall, which in its fall caught and crushed one of the young boys. The little fellow was terribly lacerated, his bones being broken and crushed: the monks in terror hurried to St. Benedict, who told them to bring the boy to his cell. They placed him on a sack, and carried his lacerated bleeding form as best they could. The Saint ordered them to withdraw, and alone with the boy, he invoked the goodness of God: the child's bones grew together, the flesh healed, and he left the cell as hearty as when he went in the morning to work.

Notwithstanding the spite of the evil one the monastery gradually rose, and in a few months the regular monastic routine commenced. The building contained no luxury or sumptuous apartments: the stone of the

mountain, and the timber of the woods, shaped by unskilled hands, made a rough-and-ready structure, which provided more shelter than comfort. It sufficed for men who gave themselves up to penance and prayer, who looked not for ease but for heaven. The fame of the Saint's sanctity and miracles, and the wonderful results of his missionary labours, spread far and wide. Numbers flocked to Monte Cassino to see for themselves the holy man and his work, and the grace of God induced them to remain and embrace this life of penance and peace. The holy patriarch taught, guided, and trained these souls in his own spirit: he instilled into them his humble simplicity, his interior recollection, and entire trust in God, teaching that the end of their life and actions should be that God might be glorified in all things.

At Monte Cassino he wrote his holy rule, a marvel of wisdom and knowledge of human nature. At Subiaco the monks followed verbal regulations, but for the sake of the increasing number of distant monasteries, and to render the routine stable and permanent after his death, he committed the observance to writing. Based on humility and self-abnegation, it is itself a conspicuous illustration of his own humility. He calls it the "least of rules" and the "beginning of conversion," and refers his children to the writings of the fathers for the spiritual life. When we consider that from his childhood he had an intimate union with God, that he was endowed with wonderful spiritual lights, that he lived in the supernatural, that he reached the highest stages of prayer, it shows his thorough humility to confine his rule to the prescriptions of monastic observance, interspersed with simple maxims of holy living. Its simplicity has made it permanent, its discretion has accommodated it to varying times and circumstances, and its insight into human nature has made it practical. It has been the model of government, the study of statesmen, the foundation of sanctity, and the charter by which myriads have claimed their right to a heavenly inheritance.

The wisdom and moderation displayed in the rule

resulted from a rare gift bestowed on him by God all through his life, a marvellous knowledge of things hidden to others: he read the thoughts of others, he was aware of what happened at a distance. One day two of his monks, either pressed by hunger or tempted by some special delicacy, transgressed the rule by eating outside the monastery without permission. On their return they presented themselves according to custom before the Saint, who at once taxed them with their fault, and told them to their consternation the kind and amount of food and drink that they had taken.

A gentleman sent his servant to the Saint with two flasks of wine: on the way he hid one of them, and delivered only the other. St. Benedict received it gratefully, and said: "Be careful, my child, how you handle the flask you have hidden: do not drink from it, but turn it over first." The trembling servant hurried away and found a snake in the flask.

A son of a lawyer took his turn at waiting at table, and held a lamp behind St. Benedict. Having nothing else to do he began to think, and complain to himself that he, a person of good family, a clever man, born for better things, should thus act as a menial to this man eating before him. St. Benedict turned sharply round, and said: "Make the sign of the cross on your heart, brother, what is it you are saying? Make the sign of the cross." He deprived the brother of his office, and when afterwards he told the brethren how he had been indulging in thoughts of pride they understood that the holy Patriarch could read their inmost thoughts. These instances narrated by St. Gregory take us into the domestic life of the Saint, and show the illumination of his soul even in occurrences of every day routine, and we can imagine the effect of it on his children and their veneration for him.

In the same way as the hidden things of the present were before him, so also God gave him an insight into the future. He foretold the day of his death, and the future destruction of his monastery. Theoprobus, a monk in whom he placed confidence, found him one day

in tears in his cell, and in reply to his efforts at consolation, the Saint said: "This monastery that I have built, and all that I have secured for the brethren, are by the judgment of the Almighty to be delivered up to the invader, and I could scarcely obtain from God the lives of the brethren." The Lombards afterwards fulfilled the prophecy, by destroying the monastery, but sparing the lives of the monks.

Totila, king of the Goths, was cruelly devastating the plains of Italy, and threatened Rome. He heard of the miracles and prophecies of the Saint, and determined to see him. To test his powers he dressed up one of his chiefs named Riggo in the royal robes, ordered his officers to pay him regal honours, and sent the sham king to interview St. Benedict. As soon as they approached, the holy Patriarch said: "Put away, my son, put away what you have on, for it is not yours." This instant detection so terrified the rough soldier that he fell to the ground. His comrades hurried back to Totila, and related how quickly their duplicity had been unmasked. The astonished king went in person and humbly prostrated himself at the feet of the Saint, and refused to rise until St. Benedict raised him up; he then severely reprehended the fierce barbarian for his cruel and despotic conduct. "You are doing much evil," he said, "and you have done much evil. Now at least try to restrain your iniquity. You shall enter Rome, you shall cross the sea, you shall reign nine years, and in the tenth you shall die." His fearless words made the king tremble, and from that time he became less cruel, and all came to pass as the Saint predicted.

About three years after the establishment of Monte Cassino, Pope Boniface II. summoned St. Benedict again to Rome, to arrange matters concerning the spread of his Order. The city was full of bishops and prelates, who all displayed the utmost eagerness to see, and to pay honour to, one whose sanctity and miracles were in every mouth, and whose missionary zeal had brought the pagans of the Abruzzi into the church. He gave all his

time in Rome to the establishment of monasteries. Three were founded in the vicinity of the Vatican, and dedicated to St. Stephen, SS. John and Paul, and St. Martin. Numbers of abbots from different parts of Italy gave up their own observance to adopt his rule. Turibius, the holy bishop of Palencia, came expressly to Rome to see him, and, discerning the greatness of his holiness, received the habit from his hands, and went back to establish the new Order in Spain.

On St. Benedict's return to Monte Cassino, he was accompanied by Tertullus the father of St. Placid, and other persons of rank. Tertullus was deeply impressed with the monastic life at Monte Cassino, and shewed his appreciation by giving to St. Benedict lands about the monastery, an island in the Adriatic, and several estates in Sicily. St. Benedict sent St. Placid to found monasteries in Sicily, and a little later for the same purpose despatched St. Maurus to France at the request of the bishop of Le Mans. It is stated that the Emperor Justinian introduced the Order into Palestine and the Levant, and tradition asserts that his rule was adopted in Abyssinia, Armenia, and even Persia.

The increased solicitude entailed by the multiplication of monasteries, did not diminish his fatherly care for his own Monte Cassino. The affection and veneration in which he was held by his children, extended to all the people in the neighbourhood. They owed to him not only the light of faith, but constant care and assistance in their troubles. The frequent wars, and the ravages of the barbarians had a disastrous effect on agriculture, and now and again terrible famine spread over the land. In these times the monastery became their refuge and hospital, and St. Benedict their father and friend. He sent his monks to the villages to comfort and assist the poor peasants: he supplied their wants, he ministered to the sick, he distributed all the food in the monastery without thought of the future. One day there were but five loaves for the community dinner, and the monks became sad and anxious. "Why does the scarcity of bread disturb your minds?" said the Saint, "to-day you have little, to-

morrow you will have abundance." The next day two hundred sacks of corn were found at the gate of the monastery.

A subdeacon named Agapitus came to beg some oil, and although but little remained in the glass vessel, St. Benedict ordered that it should be given to the applicant. The cellerarius, anxious to save this last drop for the brethren, took no notice of the order. St. Benedict became very angry at the neglect of his commands, and ordered the glass vessel to be cast out of the monastery, that nothing might remain in it by disobedience. The glass vessel was at once thrown out of the window down the precipice, struck on a rock, and, strange to say, did not break. The Saint sent for it and gave the oil to Agapitus. He assembled the brethren, and sternly reproved the cellerarius for his disobedience and want of confidence. On returning from prayer they discovered that the empty vessel had been filled with oil.

His charity and affection for the peasants made them devoted to him, and St. Gregory narrates several instances of the simple confidence that the country people placed in him.

The lawless Goths greatly harassed the peasantry by their exactions, using threats, torture, and even death to extort money. One of these robbers named Zalla, noted for his cruelty, had seized an unfortunate peasant, and had tormented and worried him, until to escape further torture he stated that he had entrusted all his goods to the servant of God, Benedict. Zalla believed him, and binding the rustic's arms close to his body, drove him before his horse bidding him to shew the way to this Benedict. The pair thus ascended the mountain, and found the Saint seated in his cell reading and taking no notice of their presence. "Get up," said Zalla, "and restore to this peasant the things that you have received from him." The holy father quietly raised his eyes, and looked first at Zalla, and then at the peasant, and immediately the cords that bound the poor man fell off of their own accord. Zalla was thunderstruck at the power of the Saint's mere look, fell at his feet, and begged for

mercy: St. Benedict called together the brethren, reproved him for his cruelty and bade him depart.

Another peasant after long watches by the deathbed of his child, saw his life ebbing away, and was distracted on realizing that his dear one was dead. He snatched up the body, and clasping the cold clammy form of his little one to his heaving breast, stalked up the mountain side to seek St. Benedict. At the monastery he learnt that the Saint was in the fields with his monks, and he put the corpse down at the monastery gate, and hurried off to find him. As soon as the father saw him, he cried out: "Give me back my son, give me back my son." The Saint replied, "Have I taken your son?" "He is dead; come, bring him to life again." "Nay, brother," said the man of God, "this is no work of ours, but of the apostles. Why will you place burdens on us that we cannot bear?" The poor father persisted in his petition, and in his agony swore that he would not go away until his son was restored. St. Benedict was touched at the grief of the father, and tried to console him: "Where is he?" he said. "His body is lying at the gate of the monastery." St. Benedict went there with his monks, knelt down, placed himself over the little corpse, raised his hands to heaven and prayed: "Lord, look not on my sins, but on the faith of this man who asks for the life of his child, and restore to this little body the soul that Thou hast taken away." Scarcely had he finished the prayer, when the corpse trembled, and began to move before the astonished eyes of all. St. Benedict took the child by the hand and delivered him alive and well to the overjoyed father.

Besides monasteries for men, St. Benedict established several convents, where holy women followed his rule, and over one of them he placed his sister St. Scholastica. Once in the year he allowed her to come to see him, and in a building at the foot of the mountain he and some of the brethren met her, and spent the day in spiritual conversation. In the year 543 the annual visit passed off in the usual manner, but in the beautiful evening, absorbed in their conversation, they had not noticed that

it grew late. St. Benedict arose hastily to take his departure, but St. Scholastica pressed him to stay the night, and continue their conversation. "What is it you ask me, sister? I cannot possibly remain out of my cell for the night." The holy nun rested her head in her hands on the table and prayed; when she raised her head there suddenly arose such a terrible storm of rain, with terrific thunder and lightning that going away became out of the question. "May Almighty God forgive you, sister," said St. Benedict, "what have you done?" She replied: "I asked you and you refused me, I asked the Lord and He heard me. Leave me now if you can, and go back to your monastery." St. Benedict bowed to the will of God, and they spent the night in relating their mutual experiences of the spiritual life. It was their last interview, their next meeting was in heaven.

Three days after, while praying in his cell, St. Benedict saw the soul of his sister leave her body, and ascend into heaven in the form of a dove. He at once assembled the brethren, and they united in thanksgiving to God for the glory of his sister. He sent some of the monks to bring her body, and placed it in a tomb beside the one that he had prepared for himself, that as they had loved each other in life, they might not be separated in death.

His own life was drawing to a close, and before its termination God granted him a wonderful grace. St. Gregory tells us that St. Benedict kept night vigils in his cell in the monastery tower, while the brethren slept. He was standing at the window praying, when a brilliant light more dazzling than the brightest sunshine illumined the darkness of the night. In the midst of the brilliancy he saw the whole world at one glance as if he were present at each part of it. Entranced with the sight, he saw the soul of Germanus, bishop of Capua, carried by angels in a globe of fire up to heaven. In order to obtain a witness of the glorious vision, with a loud voice he called Servandus who slept in the room below. Servandus hastened as quickly as he could, and witnessed a part of the wonderful light. Messengers sent to Capua

ascertained that Germanus had expired at the very time that the Saint had witnessed the globe of fire.

At the beginning of the year 543 St. Benedict announced to the brethren the day of his death, March 21st. On March 15th he ordered his grave to be opened, and saw that all was in readiness for his body. He was seized with a fever, and confined to his cell, where he endured much suffering, for the malignity of the fever increased day by day. His children could not doubt his prophecy, and knew that they were about to lose their father. In grief and awe they hung about his cell, striving yet once more to see him, and hear his voice. He endeavoured to restrain their tears and sobs, consoled them, exhorted them to be constant to the rule, and bade them look forward to the time when they would meet him in heaven. On the morning of the 21st, they felt that his end had come: obeying his orders they almost carried his emaciated frame into the church, and there resting on the arms of two of his children, he received holy communion, and raising his hands to heaven, in the very act of prayer he breathed forth his soul before the altar of God. The brethren reverently took the body, and, after the accustomed ceremonies, buried it by the side of St. Scholastica in the grave that he had prepared in the chapel of St. John the Baptist.

On the day of his death two of his monks at a distance, who were separated from each other, had the same vision. They saw a beautiful path, strewn with rich garments, and decorated with brilliant lamps, leading from the cell of the Saint to heaven. When they gazed at the sight an angel spoke to them saying: "This is the path by which the beloved of the Lord, Benedict, ascended up to heaven."

Positivism.

BY THE

REV. JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J.

THIRD AND REVISED EDITION.

What is Positivism? It is an attempt to confine the human mind to the truths of arithmetic and geometry, astronomy, chemistry, biology, and social science, to the exclusion of theology and metaphysics and of divine faith. As for any Supreme Being, above nature and man, the Positivists are like the Greek philosopher of old, who scandalised his pagan fellow-citizens by a discourse opening with the words: "About God, I know not whether there be a God or no." But this much the Positivists assert with full confidence, that whether there be a God or no is an enquiry perfectly useless and irrelevant to mankind.

Positivism was put into shape by M. Auguste Comte, some fifty years ago. Himself by rights a

Catholic, Comte had a great love for the Catholic ritual, which he wished still to preserve, after having forsaken its Divine Object. He invented accordingly a human object of worship, namely, the whole multitude of great and good men, of all creeds and parties, that have been since the beginning. This collective flower of Humanity he called the *Grand Être*. Positivists in England are divided into two camps, the one under Dr. Congreve, who strictly keeps up the Comtist worship: the other under Mr. Frederick Harrison, who, finding himself hard pressed in controversy, has so explained and whittled away the word *worship*, as to have nothing left in his hands but the bare name. It has come to this, that Mr. Harrison honours the memory of the good and brave of old, and so do we all: he calls that *worshipping* them, which we do not. The present paper deals with Mr. Harrison, and chiefly with certain reflections of his upon the doctrine of heaven as being an imagination of selfishness.

The grand discovery of Positivism is the nothingness of theology. Theology is talk (*logos*) about God (*theos*). Messrs. Comte and Harrison have come to teach the world that there is no God to talk about; no Creator, Lawgiver, and Judge of men; no living and intelligent superhuman Power, Who will punish the wicked and reward the good; no Majesty above himself for man to adore; no Beauty, other than that which passes away, to to feed the soul's everlasting contemplation; no immor-

tality, except posthumous fame; no life beyond the present, none at least to care about; no God to Whom we have any duties of service, or reverence, or praise; that is, to all intents and purposes, no God at all, nor life of the world to come; only men to be worshipped, loved, and served instead of God—that is Positivism.*

The first question that occurs to a lay intelligence is, How does Mr. Harrison know that there is no God to reckon with? For surely this is a very definite piece of

* From a communication called "The Nihilist Creed" in the *St. James's Gazette* for December 10th, 1884, I take the following statements. The resemblance is sufficiently striking.—"It is commonly believed that all Nihilists are *ipso facto* atheists. This is a misconception. You can be a Nihilist and join the inmost circles of Nihilism, whatever your religious faith, no abjuration of previous creeds is necessary. All that is demanded is the acknowledgment that religious creeds, in common with all others of every kind, must be absolutely abandoned, when the interests of humanity (as Nihilism understands them) are in question. The bulk, however, of the Nihilists are atheists; meaning by atheists all those who have no positive belief in the existence of a personal and conscious Divine Being, or who, if they admit His existence as a remote possibility, yet hold that He is in no way concerned with the affairs of this world, and that mankind must solve the problem of life for themselves . . . . The first duty of the Nihilist is to alleviate human misery, and in that task he identifies himself with the whole human race. . . . . His duty to humanity is above all. He who loves father or mother, or wife or child, or brother or sister, more than he loves humanity as a whole, has no proper conception of life, and does not even deserve to live."

knowledge, quite as definite as the information of a signalman that the line is clear, and much more important to be verified; for if the line be not clear, well, a collision may ensue; but if there be a God to reckon with, what will become of Mr. Harrison and his Positivist Society in the end? Surely, one should look hard before him ere he enters such a society. Mr. Harrison has looked and found nothing, therefore the line is clear; there is no need to mind about God. Such is his report. Where, and how, has he looked? If the signalman looks up at the moon, or over among the turnips, he may report no obstacle on the line, but the sooner he is discharged from his box the better for the company and their passengers. Where and by what light has Mr. Harrison been looking that he has found no God? He has been looking over the domain of the physical sciences, and by the light of experimental inquiry: he has discovered atoms and combinations, fertilisations, energies, perturbations, polarisations, crystallisations, visible phenomena, how they regularly go together and how they come one after another, and in all this he has found no God. What more would you have? These are positive facts, the facts of physical science. Positivism is so called because it keeps exclusively to the positive facts that physical science is conversant with, and God is not among them. Indeed, how should He be? for He by supposition is no appearance that strikes the senses, no phenomenon. Nor did any intelligent person ever ex-

pect any chemist, astronomer, or physicist, as such, to bring to light any tidings about God. As well expect cookery to direct a surgical operation, or painting to steer a ship. So, if Mr. Harrison will look only along the lines of physical science, and by the light to be had there, he will discover no God. He might as well have looked for the sun in the heels of his boots.

But physical researches prompt men to a further inquiry, called metaphysical or after-physical. Thus, after physical science has shown that every change follows upon some change going before, and that nothing but change can lead to change in the order of natural phenomena, it occurs to ask whether there has gone on an infinite series of changes, reaching back to all eternity. And it has been answered by thoughtful and earnest men, that it is an explanation wholly inadequate and absurd, to make change the final reason and origin of change by means of an infinite series. The earth, in Indian story, rested on an elephant, the elephant on a tortoise—and the tortoise? No lengthening of a suspension-bridge to infinity will dispense with the need of supports not themselves suspended. Therefore, metaphysicians have said, the origin of change must be sought in a Being unchangeable—that is, God.

Metaphysicians again have said—this is the outcome of the controversy that Berkeley raised—that matter cannot be at all otherwise than under the ken of mind. Under the ken of what mind are the interior contents of

the earth, or much more, the unnumbered stars, that multitude of huge bodies spread through boundless space? That accumulation of matter depends on no human mind,—indeed no matter at all depends on man's perception of it for its existence,—but all depends on some mind; that sustaining mind is God.

Lastly, for the order and harmony of the universe, the common joy of science and of art,—"of goodness and beauty being in things, or coming to be there, it is perhaps unreasonable to instance fire or earth or anything of that nature as the cause; nor were it well to assign the work of such production to spontaneity and chance; but whoever said that intelligence is the cause of all order and systematic arrangement, as in animals so also in insensible nature, the author of that remark appeared as a man in his sober senses coming in upon a company of random talkers."* That intelligent cause of order is God.

Thus far the metaphysicians. But Mr. Harrison's master, Comte, has suppressed metaphysics along with theology; therefore we must not mind what metaphysicians say.

Still there remains one science over and above the physical sciences, which Mr. Harrison does admit, approve, and allow—that is, the science of morals or ethics, a branch of social science. The cardinal point in ethics is the end and purpose of human life, what man

* Aristotle, Metaphysics, i., 3.

should aim at as being his chiefest good. Some men thus live for money, and some for pleasure; but what ought a man to live for? Mr. Harrison's answer here is sharp and decided: "Man ought to live for the happiness of mankind upon earth."

There was once a questioning fellow going about the streets of Athens and the Piræus, button-holing, as we should say—alack! the ancients had to tie themselves up without buttons—button-holing or otherwise detaining and talking with such of his fellow-citizens as gave themselves out to possess knowledge above the measure of other men. Mr. Harrison is just the sort of man that Socrates would have liked to have encountered.

The following extract is from one of the "Dialogues of Plato."*

I am afraid the dialogue is not incontestably genuine. Some have even fancied that they have found a nineteenth century origin for it. However, as it is certainly pertinent to the argument with Mr. Harrison, I give the production for what it is worth.

Socrates. Tell me, O Bredericos, is the happiness of mankind that of all men collectively, or of all and each?

Bredericos. Really I don't quite understand.

* *Inter spuria amandandum censemus.*—Baiter, Orelli, Winckelmann.

S. Well, in this way. You see yonder company of Guards marching, sixty-four, all tall men?

B. I see.

S. Now, they are all tall and an even number.

B. To be sure.

S. Is, then, this guardsman and that guardsman tall, and this man an even number and that?

B. I understand. I say, then, we must seek the happiness of all mankind collectively, and not of all and each; for the happiness of the individual is a selfish and unworthy thing and tends to oligarchy; but the happiness of the many—I mean, Socrates, their collective happiness—is a democratic idea, good and dear to the masses, and worthy of a free man to strive after.

S. Excellent, my friend. But now, happiness, I take it, is the same thing as a happy life.

B. Well, what of that, Socrates?

S. And though the Trojans are dead, the Athenians are a living people, are they not?

B. Certainly.

S. Which means that Simon and Alexander and the rest of them all and each live, being citizens of Athens?

B. I suppose it does.

S. Then you must also suppose that, as the Athenians are a living people by the individual lives of Simon and Alexander and the others, so they will be a happy people by the individual happiness of each citizen: for happiness, we said, was a happy life.

B. I tell you what, Socrates, I want no war of words with you. Indeed, it is hard for a man, when questioned suddenly, to put out his opinions in an unassailable form. But whatever I may have said before, I tell you now that this is my idea of what men should live for, to be happy each of them in their common possessions, each enjoying that which all others enjoy with him, as for instance not gloating over private hoards of gold and silver, nor private houses, nor private furniture, nor private family—

S. Hold, hold, my friend, you are talking treason—treason against the Sovereign Many, at Athens at least; indeed, any sycophant that heard you might bring you into the courts, as having a secret understanding with the Spartans, and an appetite for common tables and black broth; and if our Athenian jurors were to hear of that, I fear things might go hard with you; or the court of Areopagus might have you up for a corrupter of public morals.

B. Truly, Socrates, I had forgotten myself; let that last part of my speech be unsaid. But, speaking generally, I say it again, and hold it firmly, that the end and perfection of mankind is for every man to be happy in the possession of good, common to him with his fellow-men. There is a piece of sound doctrine for you, that no sycophant can cavil at, and no wise man deny.

S. You mean, Bredericos, that rich men are to make a hobby of spending their money on the public service,

gladly fitting out ships of war, erecting and maintaining halls of popular resort for exercise and instruction, and feasting their townsmen at well-served banquets in due season; and masters in like manner are to treat their slaves with bounty and indulgence, lightening their labours, and feeding them fat and sleek; while the poor are to hug and foster the rich, and working-folk their employers, as fathers and preservers—this is what you contemplate, and other untold beautiful things of this sort?

B. Indeed, Socrates, you are telling me my own dream.

S. And what cement of masterful necessity, O marvellous man, have you at command to bind all the stones of the city of Pallas together into such a temple of generosity and good fellowship?

B. Virtue, Socrates; disinterestedness, wisdom, and mutual love.

S. Bravo, my friend! Then we need, above all things, virtue, or, in other words, the improvement and perfection of the individual man?

B. Decidedly we do.

S. Then the desire of self-improvement is not selfishness, whatever a certain orator may have implied to the contrary?

B. No, Socrates, it is not selfishness, when you improve yourself to the good of others.

S. Tell me, Bredericos, do you admit of any other world beyond the present?

B. No, by Jove! not I.

S. How is that?

B. Why, you fool, how can I? Don't you see that I am making no preparation for any such contingency?

S. But if there were such a world, we might suppose that those virtuous men you are in search of, disinterested, wise, and loving one another here, would have the best of it there?

B. Pray let me not stand in the way of your supposing anything you like about that world of spirits; it is all dreamland to me, and an ugly dream too at times, I assure you.

S. Fain would I awake you from it. But about virtue: that consists in the avoidance of selfishness, and the going about one's own good in such a way as to benefit others, does it not?

B. An excellent definition.

S. Who then is most likely to be unselfish, he who thinks little of the goods of this world, for which men commonly fight and cheat one another, or he who thinks much of them?

B. I suppose I must say, he who thinks little of them.

S. And who will that be, he who takes these temporal goods to be the only goods, or he who looks forward to a future life and eternity?

B. No, Socrates, you have me not there, but I will retract my former answer. I don't believe in the virtue or usefulness of pale-faced ascetics. I say, then, he who

thinks little of the goods of this world will care little to procure them for himself or for others; but, taken up with the quest of a visionary Sangrail, he will ride at random and bring no good to mankind, and die a good-for-nothing fellow; and for dead men's goods, heaven (earth, I mean) keep me from them.

S. Bring no good to men? What good are you speaking of?

B. Why, the good things of this life; good trade, good lodging, good health, good travelling, good meat, good drink, and, I suppose, when the bill of fare is exhausted, good coffins.

S. And are meat and drink, health and comfort, the best goods of man? I thought we agreed that it was the crown and perfection of humanity to be loving, unselfish, freely giving, poising oneself in wise moderation above the goods of sense, taking what was needful for oneself, but stopping short at satiety, where others might want; nay, rather than let them want, go wanting oneself.

B. Give me the man that does that, Socrates, and I will praise him; he is, indeed, an honour to humanity.

S. And being such himself, he will cultivate the like habit of mind in others?

B. He will.

S. And so, while he relieves the hunger of his neighbour, and dresses his wounds, and kindles his fire, and smoothes down his couch; and takes poor children out

for a play-day in the country, and tends testy old men and talkative old women in their dotage: he will, all the while that he provides them with these creature comforts, be still more solicitous for the habit of their minds, that they shall be, so far as in them lies, self-sacrificing, charitable, diligent in doing good, even as he is, and not caring over much for money and enjoyment and applause, in a word, for the things of self?

B. Indeed, I think he will.

S. Answer me, then, again. Who is more likely not to care much for money and enjoyment and all that soothes or flatters self, he who thinks that all good for man is to be had here in this life, or he who looks to the life of a world to come?

B. Your question, Socrates, seems to me to amount to this: "Who is more likely not to care much for enjoyment and all that flatters self—he who expects a full satisfaction of self elsewhere, or he who has no such expectation?" The morality of the former might be compared to the generosity of one who gives away what he knows will be restored to him. The latter is my virtuous, unselfish man.

S. Gallantly, my friend, have you come to the rescue of your argument. But say, your hero who gives away what he knows will not be restored to him, will he thus give away his virtue, his honour, his purity, his understanding, his love of justice and hatred of iniquity—are these the things that he will give away?

B. No, O most contentious Socrates; you are ever perverting the meaning of those with whom you converse.

S. But money and enjoyment and applause, these he will give away and forego?

B. This is what I meant.

S. And things like these, you remember, we described as "all that soothes or flatters self."

B. We did.

S. Now, will not your generous man who does good, hoping for nothing again, become a better man by thus doing and giving?

B. He will.

S. In other words, he will form in himself habits of benevolence and unselfishness; and he may even laudably hope that what he gives in money and clothes and fuel and food and medicines will be restored to him again in the shape of moral virtue, inasmuch as he will grow more virtuous by giving.

B. I cannot find fault with the hope of such a reward.

S. And along with moral virtue the intellectual virtues may be expected to grow, as, for instance, prudence along with temperance, and wisdom and knowledge along with mercy; for the virtues, they say, are like the graces; they dance hand-in-hand.

B. So I have heard.

S. Do you, then, see any harm, Bredericos, or any

danger of selfishness, in a man hoping that the virtues which grow in him by doing good may last, not for a few years in this world only, but for an eternity to come?

B. Nay, nay, Socrates, but such is not the heaven that prophets and priests have imagined.

S. What prophets, my good sir, and what priests? Are you thinking of Mahomet with his houris, or of the Valhalla of the priests of Thor and Woden? Are you dreaming of a few years' temperance transmuted into a cycle of revelling and debauchery? or is there not another heaven held out to us, a heaven of the just made perfect, met in mutual love and common comtemplation of the true and the beautiful and the good? Such, at least, was the heaven of which the wise woman of Mantinea spoke to me.

B. I tell you what, Socrates, I was not made to be catechised thus, but to travel about lecturing, raising a pleasant hum in people's ears with talk of philanthropy, not without a note or two of blasphemy, for that tickles them now-a-days. Listen, here is a stave of my eloquence:—"Let me assure you, gentlemen, there are minds to which the finality of life becomes a more powerful motive for using it well—not an impediment to unselfishness, but a spur—and to whom, *work, work, while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work,* is an inspiring cry."

S. Aye, Bredericos, the night cometh, and a night which no man need provide for, in your gospel at least.

B. But society, my dear sir, society lives on after the individual's death and annihilation: he will work for posterity.

S. And are you the first persons who have thought of working for posterity? and to do so, is it encouraging to anticipate one's own personal extinction and each of theirs to boot?

B. Earth and sea! I ought to have been at the Memorial Hall twenty minutes since; the Positivist Society is waiting.

Thus far our Plato, or whoever was the author of the dialogue. In further evidence of the possibility, nay the duty of a rational love of self, the following quotation may serve, coming from an undoubtedly genuine source:—

"In man there are two elements, a spiritual nature and a bodily nature. A man is said to love himself in that he loves himself according to his spiritual nature. And in this respect a man ought to love himself, after God, more than any one else" (St. Thomas, *Summa Theologica*).

To desire heaven is to love ourselves, and desire our own perfection, according to our spiritual nature. It is a perversion of thought and speech to style such a desire selfishness.

THE CHILDREN OF MARY.

BY H. M. LUSHINGTON.

PRACTICE was just over in a small sea-side village in Sussex. The men and boys had left the school-room, but the priest had requested the girls to remain, and the six stood in a little group, rather nervously wondering what was coming. Father Bernard turned to them at last, and said in his kind grave tones, "My dear children, since this mission began, I have been anxious to see established within it a Congregation of the Children of Mary, the model and example of all holy women; and at last, in this her own dear month of May, I hope to start the Congregation. I think," and he looked earnestly at the girls, "I may venture to say I would accept all of you as aspirants in the Congregation should you yourselves desire it. Take a week to consider and pray over the matter, and to study these manuals," and he touched a heap of pretty little blue books that lay on the table. "I will give each of you one should you decide to join the Congregation; meanwhile take them home with you, and bring me your answers next Saturday."

All, except the girl at the harmonium, on whose brow rested a cloud of haughty displeasure, looked eager and satisfied. There was a shy chorus of "Thank you, Father," and, after kneeling for his blessing, the girls left the room, except the harmonium-player, who stayed to close the instrument. She was a small slight girl, with dark blue eyes and fair hair, better dressed and evidently higher in social rank than her companions.

"You did not belong to the Children of Mary at Everton, did you, Eunice?" enquired Father Bernard, seeing she wanted to speak to him.

"No, Father; I was just about to join when we came away."

"Then you will be glad of this opportunity?"

"Yes, Father, for some reasons I am very anxious to be a Child of Mary; but are we all to be mixed up together? At Everton the ladies and poor people were kept separate."

"You will all say your prayers together and listen to the addresses, and I trust be ready to help each other on your way to Heaven."

A look of extreme annoyance crossed Eunice's face and she said haughtily—"Then, Father, I don't think I shall join. It is bad enough to be mixed up with those common girls at the practice. I don't know how they would presume, if we were in the same Confraternity."

Father Bernard looked deeply pained. He had watched and prayed earnestly over this young soul, endowed with many virtues, but marred and hindered by the indomitable pride by which the devil sought to ruin it.

"You wish to be a Child of Mary in name only, then, Eunice; and forget that our Blessed Lady, though of the royal house of David, was content to be espoused to a carpenter and the friend of poor fishermen."

He paused for a word of apology or humility, but Eunice only closed the harmonium with a bang, and taking up her gloves, passed out with a bow, and a cold "Good night, Father."

It was a pleasant home that Eunice returned to. Her father was a doctor in good practice, and she was the only child and darling of her parents. They were good earnest Catholics, and had brought her up well and piously, but too indulgently. Fondly they welcomed her as she entered the drawing room, and Eunice played, sang, and talked as usual, but with a heavy weight at her heart. She had often indulged in pride before, but never to a priest, and in vain she strove to quiet her conscience by repeating over and over again to herself, "Father Bernard is very hard on me. It's all because of that nasty Bessie, little demure thing; he thinks her ever so much better than I am, and I daresay fancies she may do me good. I hate favouritism!"

"Are you not well to-night, my love?" enquired her mother; "you are very much flushed."

"Yes, thank you, mother, only rather tired."

"Then had you not better go to bed, my darling?" said her father looking up from his book.

"Yes, please, father," and with goodnight kisses, off she went.

Was Eunice glad to escape night prayers, which the whole household always attended? She undressed very slowly, and then knelt down before the crucifix. How earnestly her Guardian Angel must have watched her! She took up her little blue book and read over, as usual, the notes of the next day's meditation, "Our Blessed Lady's conduct in the house of Zacharias, the lowly tasks she willingly undertook, the sweet humility with which she performed them." For one moment Eunice's head sank into her hands, and tears stood in her eyes; but she impatiently brushed them away and after mechanically repeating her usual devotions, and, alas! carrying on her old chain of argument instead of examining her conscience, she got into bed. After tossing restlessly for some time, she fell asleep.

Meanwhile the subject of the Congregation of the Children of Mary was being eagerly discussed by two girls walking slowly up and down the old-fashioned garden of the country inn. One was a bright dark-eyed brunette, rather smartly dressed, the other brown-eyed, brown-haired, and robed in brown.

"Well," said Rose, the dark one, "I wish to be a Child of Mary, I'm sure, but I won't belong to this Congregation if Miss Stirling thinks she will demean herself by saying her prayers with me," and she tossed her head angrily.

"O Rose! don't speak like that," said Bessie Reynolds, "you know Miss Stirling does belong to a much higher class at any rate than I do, and it is very natural she should not like to be mixed up with her inferiors."

"Inferiors, indeed! I'm sure I'm as good as she is any day."

"I hope you are, dear Rose," said Bessie gently,

"but you know God has placed her in one station, and me in another. She is right to keep in hers, since she is placed there by the will of God."

"Don't you wish you had been born a lady, a real lady," said Rose, "and had nothing to do all day but lie on a sofa and read novels, and wear, oh! such beautiful gowns?"

"No, indeed," said Bessie, and her eyes shone with earnestness, "I would rather be poor and a servant, because, though I am certain good real ladies don't lie on a sofa all day and read novels, they are not so like our Blessed Lady in their circumstances as I am. O Rose! it is so sweet to think when I am sweeping the rooms or carrying water, that I am doing just what our Blessed Lady used to do."

"You *are* good, Bessie!" Rose said; "I don't mind work, but I don't like wearing ugly cotton frocks and looking dowdy, I feel so much nicer and more good tempered when I am prettily dressed," and she looked complacently at her green flounces and red ribbons.

"But you can't imagine our Blessed Lady ever having worn anything smart," interrupted Bessie; "of course, there was always a beautiful order about her dress, and no doubt she loved the colour blue, because it reminded her of heaven, and so her children may love it also."

"Then you are always thinking how you can most resemble our Blessed Lady, Bessie?" enquired Rose.

"One can't help thinking of her in her own month, can one?" said Bessie simply, "and above all now, when we have to prepare to be made her special children—that is, if Father Bernard thinks us fit. No, I don't mean exactly that, because of course we can never be worthy."

"I'm confident he will have you, but I am not so sure about myself," said Rose, rather ruefully. "He looked at me at the instruction to-night, when he was speaking about our Lady's modesty and recollection, and I had been thinking about my new hat just a minute before; he is always warning me of the dangers of vanity and chattering, but I will begin to-night, and say a Hail

Mary, and you will too, won't you? that I may not grieve our Blessed Lady any more this month."

"We will say it for each other, and, Rose, please promise not to mind, but if I find that Miss Stirling does not wish to belong to the Congregation, because of me being a servant, you know, I will ask Father Bernard to let me wait. I shall be twenty-one very soon now," she added, with a bright smile and blush, "and be a nun."

"And never care for me any more," said Rose dolorously.

"Nonsense," said Bessie, kissing her. "But hark! there is the clock, I must go, good-night."

Bessie ran across the road into the cottage, where lived her cross old mistress, the late doctor's widow. Patiently and respectfully she attended to all her wants and whims, and at last found herself in the tiny attic given her as a bedroom. Bessie never hurried over her prayers, but to-night she lingered before the crucifix, examining her conscience as to whether any uncharitable or proud feelings had crossed her mind at Miss Stirling's scornful behaviour. The unkindness had hurt her, but honestly she could say it had not shaken her tender love for the young lady; and she fell asleep saying an extra decade of her rosary for Eunice Stirling.

Next Saturday arrived, and once more the girls were desired by Father Bernard to remain behind. Eunice was by this time very wretched; she had been neither to confession nor communion, and had hardened herself into a firm determination to refuse to join the new Congregation. A scornful look rested on her face, as she raised her head at Father Bernard's question, "Well, my children, which of you are prepared to give in your names?" but before she could speak, Rose, very red in the face, stepped foward.

"Please, Father, may we have one more week for consideration?" The priest looked puzzled; but then, catching a glance passing between Rose and Bessie, smiled kindly and replied, "Certainly, my children," adding to Eunice, as the others left the room, "Bessie, at her own request, will not join the congregation at

present. God grant that this day week may find you in a different frame of mind, my child."

Eunice left the schoolroom in a rage. She guessed that this delay had been asked and given for her sake, and how dared they? She turned and walked rapidly towards the beach. Before she had gone many steps she encountered Bessie, who with a respectful curtsey said very gently, "I beg your pardon, Miss, but——"

"Let me pass, please, I'm in a hurry and don't wish to be disturbed:" and pushing her aside with no gentle hand, Eunice walked rapidly on.

Bessie stood pondering. "She is a stranger here, comparatively, and perhaps does not know about the quicksands; what shall I do? Come with me, Rose, and we will follow her, and stop her if she comes to a dangerous place."

The girls walked fast, but Eunice in her passion had rushed on, and about half-an-hour later found herself suddenly beginning to sink into the soft sand. She struggled to regain a firm footing, but alas! only to sink more deeply in. She screamed, and the two girls, climbing over the last ridge of rock, sprang foward. Rose screamed louder than Eunice, but Bessie put her hand on her arm, "Please be calm, Rose, and go as fast as you can to the coast-guard station and bring help; the tide has turned and there is no time to lose."

Off went Rose, and then Bessie, approaching as near as safety permitted to Eunice, said eagerly; "Oh! please don't try to struggle any more. I have heard father say, over and over again, it only makes you go in deeper. Rose is gone for help, and please God you will soon be safe."

"But you won't leave me?" pleaded Eunice. "Oh! I can't be left alone. I'm sorry, Bessie, I have behaved so badly to you, but you will forgive me and stay with me, won't you?"

Bessie looked for a moment at the tide fast coming in, and then at the line of golden light that faced her, and a prayer went up from the depths of her heart, that with her Holy Mother she might have courage to stand

by the Cross. "Virgo fidelis, ora pro nobis," she half whispered.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Eunice, "pray for me—I have not really prayed, I have only said the words all this week, and now," as her movement of agony deepened the hole, "must I die without priest or sacraments?"

"I hope not, dear," and Bessie clasping her hands together repeated in a sweet clear voice acts of contrition and love, Eunice saying them after her, with a humility and earnestness unknown before. As they finished, a large wave washed to their feet, and Bessie seeing their peril, or rather Eunice's, for she could easily have drawn back into safety, determined to make an effort. Planting her feet as firmly as she could, she stretched out her hands, and clasping Eunice's made a desperate effort to bring her to her side. But, alas! she had over-calculated her strength and though Eunice did rise a little, she sank back, dragging Bessie on to the terrible quicksand.

Eunice uttered a cry of despair as she perceived her companion's danger, but Bessie smiled sweetly, saying, "Never mind, dear, I could not have left you."

"But I shall have caused your death," sobbed Eunice, "by my pride and wickedness!"

"Bright death, that is the welcome dawn to our eternal day,"

quoted Bessie, putting her arms round Eunice and kissing her tenderly.

They had sunk down to their waists now, and the spray from the fast advancing waves dashed in their faces "Pray again," Eunice whispered, and their voices mingled in passionate entreaties to our dear Lord for pardon, in tender acts of love, and pleadings to Mary, Refuge of Sinners, Star of the Sea, to help them.

Just when hope was almost gone, men arrived with ropes, and the two girls, more dead than alive, were dragged to firm ground, and carried, by Dr. Stirling's orders, to his house. Bessie was terribly exhausted, but would soon be all right with care, which was abundantly bestowed upon her, but Eunice was very ill; the anxiety

and misery of the last week, and the remorse she had felt in the prospect of immediate death, had told on her nerves. Fever came on, and for days her life was despaired of.

In an interval of consciousness she saw Father Bernard, and with deepest contrition and humility received the last Sacraments. Her one continued request was for Bessie, and beautiful was the smile of contentment that overspread her face when she recognized her devoted nurse. Bessie's cross mistress had refused to receive her back, and gladly had Dr. and Mrs. Stirling accepted her offer to nurse their darling, to whose care and attention in great measure, under God, Eunice owed her recovery.

On the last day of May, Eunice was able to be lifted to the sofa, and Bessie was sitting beside her, softly singing, "Hail, Queen of Heaven," when Father Bernard entered, with two silver medals attached to blue ribbons in his hand.

"Well, my children," he said, with a kind smile, "have you decided whether you wish to become Children of Mary yet?"

The colour mounted to Eunice's pale face, and tears filled her eyes, as she said meekly:

"I desire it, Father, but I am not worthy."

"And you, Bessie?"

"Please, Father, if I may."

"I shall venture to admit you both into the Congregation," said Father Bernard, "trusting that by the grace of God, and the help of your Holy Mother, you will strive in all things to imitate her, the motto of whose life was ever 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord;' submissive in all things to the holy will of God, humble and loving to your neighbours."

The Congregation of the Children of Mary still flourishes at Roseley; but Eunice and Bessie are both Sisters of Charity far away in the North, and Rose, grown into a recollected, modestly-dressed maiden, is about to be married and go to India.

A ROSARY BEAD.

BY LOUISA E. DOBRÉE.

At the door of a cottage in Normandy, a young girl stood one summer's day, shading her eyes with her sunburnt hand as she looked down the dusty white road with its border of poplars. As she stood there she made a very pretty picture, framed in as she was by the portico, which was covered with Gloire de Dijon roses, then in full bloom. She was tall and slight, and her brown hair was brushed off a fair open brow, beneath which were very charming dark eyes with the same ever-changing expression that also characterised her mouth. She was full of life and activity which could not, would not, be repressed; and she tapped her foot impatiently on the stone step until at length a small figure was seen approaching.

It was that of a little old peasant woman, whose brown eyes, very like Jeanne's, seemed lighted with pleasure as she saw her grandchild waiting to welcome her.

"Grandmother—you at last! I thought you were never coming," said Jeanne, as she led the old woman into the house, and making her sit down, drew off her sabots and brought her some milk and bread.

It was nice and cool in the cottage, and Grandmother, for so she was generally called in the village, though she owned no kith or kin save Jeanne, rested and enjoyed her bread and milk very much. Jeanne waited patiently until she had finished, and then asked the question that had been on her lips ever since she saw her Grandmother.

"What have you brought for me, Grandmother?"

*

"Ah, can you guess, my little one?"

"Some nice flowers for my dress—or perhaps a wreath?" said Jeanne.

Grandmother shook her head.

"No—I do not care for wreaths and flowers for poor folks like us. Your first Communion dress is simple and pretty as it is."

Jeanne's face fell.

"It is something better than that, and something that I did not buy either," said Grandmother, and diving into the very depths of the capacious pocket of her blue stuff dress she produced a little brown rosary.

"See, Jeanne! I met Monsieur le Curé in the street, and he said to me, 'Grandmother, your little Jeanne makes her first Communion to-morrow—is it not so?' 'Yes, Father,' I said, 'and I am ashamed to think she should not have made it before, a big girl of fifteen as she is now. I feel it a disgrace, but she was always wilful, and I could not persuade her.'"

"Well, well, Grandmother, I know all that," said Jeanne.

"I am only telling you what I told Monsieur le Curé," said Grandmother, who was not to be hurried on any account. "And he said, 'One cannot force people—I am thankful she is making it now. Give her this Rosary from me, and tell her it was blessed by our Holy Father.'" And Grandmother held out the rosary which Jeanne took very reluctantly.

"It's very ugly, Grandmother—and—and I am *so* disappointed. I did want to look nice to-morrow!"

Grandmother gazed at Jeanne in astonishment. Though the old lady had brought up Jeanne since she was left an orphan baby of two years old, she never understood the child. She did her very best and acted up to the light she had; so it was from sheer stupidity and not want of love that she failed to understand Jeanne. The latter was always shocking her and took a mischievous delight in doing it, and Grandmother thought

Jeanne often very naughty when she was only childish and silly.

But it was with no wish to shock her grandmother that Jeanne made the remark about the rosary and wishing to look well the next day. She spoke out of the fulness of her heart, which at that moment was aching with a child's disappointment, and tears welled up into the brown eyes and dropped upon the rosary which she held in her hand.

Grandmother sighed. She did not know what to do, so she took up her knitting and Jeanne flew up the ladder staircase to her own little room under the roof. In one corner of it was hung a large white crucifix and a picture of our Lady as Queen of the Holy Rosary, and as Jeanne's eyes fell on it the angry flush mounted to her cheek. It reminded her of the rosary she held in her hand and then the next thing she looked at was her simple white dress which was hanging on a chair.

"Not a flower—nor a ribbon !" murmured Jeanne, "and Gabrielle has yards of white ribbon and lovely little white flowers ; ah—and I should look much nicer than she can !" And Jeanne looked at herself in the little gilt framed looking glass that hung near the lattice window, and then seated on her bed she tried to puzzle out the why and wherefore of things.

Gabrielle Carrier was the child of a well-to-do shopkeeper, wealthy compared with Jeanne and her grandmother, who lived in their little cottage and did their own work ; for Gabrielle's mother kept servants, and Gabrielle was learning to be a milliner. And Gabrielle had smart dresses, and a beautiful gold cross that had belonged to her great-great-grandmother.

And then Jeanne contrasted this with her own poor clothes, her life of daily toil, chained as she was to look after her old grandmother, who daily grew more infirm. Why should things be so unequally divided ? Why should her life be spent in such dulness, when she was so young and so pretty !

"I don't believe our Lady loves me, and I am very glad I never would be a Child of Mary," said Jeanne, nodding to the picture, "for I have asked her to take me away from my dull life, and she never does." And Jeanne got up and turned the picture with its face to the wall.

She was still feeling vexed and annoyed when she knelt with the other children that evening, waiting her turn to go in to confession. Whatever her faults were, and Jeanne had a good stock of them, she was perfectly truthful. Her confession was honest, plain, and for a girl, singularly concise. She did not in the least palliate her sins, but stated them honestly and truthfully. The old priest who had baptized her and watched over her haughty wilful childhood, with its neglect until now of the Sacraments, spoke to her very solemnly; and as Jeanne knelt there, a great wave of awe swept over her restless naughty little soul. The patient Crucified Jesus before her eyes, the grave words of the priest who knew her well falling on her ears, all combined to bring her to her senses; her act of contrition was as real as her anger had been and when she went home she ran up to her room, and turning the picture again she kissed it penitently, and whispered some words of sorrow to the Holy Mother whom the picture represented.

Jeanne went to Communion the next day, and tried hard to put all thoughts of vanity out of her head, as she walked to church with the other children—she bigger and older than any of them, and though really only fifteen looking quite seventeen. The summer sunshine poured down on the ill-paved streets of the little Normandy village; and the simple people made their frank remarks to each other as they stopped to look as one after the other of the white-robed children passed. Familiar as Jeanne was with every word of the Mass, it all struck her that day with a new force, and she prayed very hard that she might be a better child than she had been before. Some of the words heard at the

feet of Jesus came back to her mind, and she resolved to try very hard to be content with the dull life God saw fit to place her in, and not to envy others who were richer or more fortunate than herself.

Poor old Grandmother was at the bottom of the church, watching with tear-dimmed eyes the line of white figures kneeling at the altar rails and receiving for the first time that Holy Food. Jeanne joined her afterwards, and they walked home together, not talking much.

It was a peaceful day, and Jeanne looked up to the blue sky with a light heart and a new born sense of calm. She was going to be good—yes, *always!*

"Well, Jeanne," said Gabrielle Carrier the day after as she met Jeanne going to the village shop for some candles, "I did not see you yesterday to speak to."

"No," said Jeanne, "and I did not see you."

"I wanted so much to show you what my godmother gave me. Can you come to the house and see it?"

"What is it?"

"I shan't tell you; it is something beautiful," said Gabrielle.

Jeanne debated a moment, She knew quite well that the sight of Gabrielle's beautiful things always made her envious; but her curiosity was great and she did not think it would hurt her just to go and see the thing, "besides I am never going to envy her any more."

So the girls walked on to the house near and Gabrielle showed Jeanne a rosary which was certainly the most beautiful thing Jeanne had ever seen. It was coral and gold, with a beautifully worked crucifix at the end. "Is not that beautiful? I have been saying my beads over and over," said Gabrielle. "It is *lovely!*" said Jeanne who dearly loved everything that was beautiful, but in her heart rose the old questioning, the old rebellion against God's Will. Why, oh why, should she have no pretty things, and Gabrielle so much of beauty?

"It is really a golden chain, is it not, Jeanne?"

"Yes?" said Jeanne questioningly.

"Oh! I forgot you had not heard what my godmother said. She said the rosary was a golden chain to draw us closer to God; she says when we hold our rosaries in our hand, we touch heaven! But that is not true, eh?"

Jeanne did not answer, and presently she was called in to see Madame Carrier and taste some of her cakes, for it was her birthday.

There were several people there, and Jeanne heard two women saying: "Yes—I would not let my Marie go to that wicked Paris, though she pleaded hard for her." And Jeanne knew they were talking of Gabrielle's aunt who was staying in the next town, and who had wanted to take back some country girls as housemaids, for she kept an hotel in Paris.

Jeanne listened to all they were saying. That evening Grandmother was sleeping soundly, and Jeanne was busy in her attic, making a bundle of her clothes. Her hands touched the little rosary given her three days before, and she threw it impatiently into a corner. Next morning she was on her way to Paris with Madame Grand, a worldly, careless woman who was only too glad to get a pretty girl as housemaid, quite regardless of references, and too indifferent to care for Jeanne's truthful story that she had run away from home.

Old Grandmother found the letter she had left behind her, and thought it was useless to try and bring her back, especially as she heard that Madame Grand was rich and would be kind to Jeanne. The naughtiness and ingratitude of the act only made the old heart ache again as it had often ached before.

. . . . . .

Three years later a weary looking girl was walking along the streets of Paris. It was spring and the trees

in the Champs Elysée were in leaf; the golden dome of the Invalides glittered in the sunshine and the Seine reflected a bright blue sky. It was the beautiful month of May, and everything in nature seemed to rejoice in honour of her whose special month it is. Ah! was not the heart of the Immaculate Mother yearning over Jeanne that day as she walked along, so altered—so changed.

And Jeanne never gave one thought to her. All the old sacred associations of her childhood seemed effaced and there was a blank—a prayerless, godless blank, so it *seemed*—in Jeanne's life between that Sunday when she made her First Communion, and now. It was a kind of balm to her conscience to think so, but in her heart she knew quite well that there are no such things as blanks in any human life. Every section of each minute has its bearing on the whole, is weighted with sin or borne by grace heavenward. And the story of all that time was written down in letters that only the Blood of Him she had given up caring for or thinking of could efface.

She had had several places in Paris, and her last had been with an American family. One day a diamond ring was lost, and she was falsely accused of stealing it. The lady would take no proceedings against her, but sent Jeanne off at once without a character.

And so Jeanne was now walking about, thinking what she should do. She inquired at one place after another but was refused. Evening drew near: she was alone in big beautiful Paris, with its many lights and its glitter, and she felt more and more lonely and wretched. What was she to do? What did it matter? Who would care?

As she walked on slowly, the evening shadows drooping over the city, the bells of the church struck upon her ear. What had that sound to do with her? And yet it attracted her, as above the bustle and noise of the busy city those bells rang, and Jeanne followed an in-

stinct that she could not account for, and went into the church. It was in a poor quarter of Paris—near where she had left her trunk that morning—and the church was a poor one. There were scarcely any good pictures in it, and the altar decorations were tawdry in the extreme.

In the Lady chapel a tall white figure of the Blessed Virgin circled with lights caught Jeanne's eyes. She did not want to go near it; she wanted to creep away in a quiet corner where no one could see her, where she could be alone with her misery.

Poor child! she was not alone truly, for the hands of holy angels had guided her into the church, and there she was in the Presence of Jesus, whose Sacred Heart was yearning over her.

As she crept in quietly her foot felt something under it and stooping she picked up a single bead, evidently belonging to a broken rosary, for it had the steel wire passed through it.

One little brown bead—just the kind of bead that formed the rosary she had thrown away the night she left home.

Jeanne held it in her hand. In the sudden revulsion of feeling that came over her as she found herself there again in a church, this bead was like a hand held out to her. She knelt in a corner behind a pillar pressing the bead to her lips, and from the lapse of the years past and gone—only three, but they seemed an eternity to her then—she seemed to hear again Gabrielle's thin treble voice—"When we hold our rosaries in our hands we touch heaven! But that is not true?"

But it was in a sense true, and she was realizing it now poor child! for the one little bead was bringing her back by the all-powerful law of association to all the heavenly influences and memories of her childhood. A rosary had specially been twined into her life. It had been the temptation to envy, it had now been the means of winning her to think at least of God.

"I can't help myself—I am all alone—O if I could pray—but I can't pray—if some one would only pray for me!"

The words shaped in her thoughts almost forced themselves from her lips in her agony. The Litany of Loreto had been going on all the while, but she had never heard it—nor even the *O Salutaris*.

But now she caught the words—"Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us!"

Yes, she was praying for her. The Holy Mother of God was beseeching her Divine Son to look upon the poor sinners of earth—to let the great chain of prayer with all its wondrous depth of passionate powerful pleading draw those many sin-stained souls to Himself, as through the length and breadth of the Church the words reach her throne—"Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us."

Jeanne knelt on, half-dazed and bewildered. A soft hand on her shoulder startled her, and she saw that the people were pouring out of church, and that a little old lady was standing close to her.

"I am so sorry to disturb you," she said in her pretty graceful French, "but I find I have broken my rosary and I think some of the beads must be near your seat, as I was sitting there before Benediction."

Jeanne handed her the bead reluctantly, and their eyes met.

She never knew quite how it came about, but she told the old lady all about herself, and the old lady believed her.

Two days later Jeanne was at the door of her old home and re-entered to find all looking much the same as usual, only old Grandmother could not make much of her story of penitence, as she was quite childish.

Jeanne watched over her last days, and proved to the old priest that she was trying to do right; and when she was left alone in the world she was not long with-

out a home, for Gabrielle's brother Jacques had long loved her and been faithful to her. She would not leave her grandmother as long as she lived, and his home was in the south of France.

Childhood, girlhood, have passed away and Jeanne stands at the threshold of a new life, with its untold trials and unknown joys. She is the same Jeanne, with a great deal in herself that necessitates continual care and watchfulness, and gives her a wide battlefield. She has learnt many lessons all these years. Lessons in self-knowledge, and of the awful fact that it is very easy to do wrong and very difficult to do right, but that God helps us if we let Him, and if we use His means of grace. And in continual reparation for the past and thankfulness for what one rosary bead did in God's mercy for her, she says her beads with ever-increasing devotion.

"I know what it was when I could not pray for myself," she thinks to herself, as she prays for those living without God or strayed away from Him: "and how one bead helped me."

A VISIT
AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY M. M.

It was a poor room in a humble lodging-house; the occupants were three in number, yet the stillness was intense, for on the bed which filled one corner of the room a woman lay dying. In the recess of the window, seated on an old wooden box, too weak and rickety to have supported more than their light frames, were two children, a boy of three and a girl two years older. The boy's fingers grasped a stick thrust through a scrap of newspaper, which he had been waving to and fro as a flag; but he no longer played with the rough toy. Both he and his sister sat as immovable as images and as silent as mutes, partly with the outlooking quiet which is in its turn as characteristic of children as their restless activity at other times; and partly this little pair were still under the awe of the strange circumstances of the day, which awe they felt without comprehending it or its cause.

Minute after minute passed, and the quiet seemed only to deepen; the children never stirred, and the woman remained still and uncomplaining, breathing forth in slow hard gasps the little remnant of life left in her; the afternoon was wearing to a close without any speech or change, when suddenly there came a little peremptory knock at the door, and a second later the handle was turned and a fresh figure entered the room.

The presence of the new comer had somewhat the effect of a ray of noontide sunshine. Warmth and colour and light seemed to enter with her. She was clad only in pale blue and white, but her attire was rich and shining; and the gold of her hair and the soft tints of her fair young face gave her a greater radiancy of appearance. To the children she was a wonderful apparition and they stared open-mouthed. The stranger herself, after one rapid glance that seemed to take in every inch of the poor bare apartment, stepped lightly and quickly to the bedside, and spoke to the sick woman in the bright impetuous fashion that was her natural manner.

"I am Miss Evelyn Kinnard," said she promptly, "I heard from Mrs. Scannell downstairs that you were ill, so I thought I would run up and see you——"

So much the girl got out, but there she stopped abruptly. The sick woman had looked up and in her eyes were such a far-off gaze and mournful expression of wonder that it seemed as though the soul had already passed beyond the reach of the voices and events of time. Evelyn was startled, but instantly felt her explanation to be a triviality which was out of place, so she ceased speaking.

"I am afraid you are very ill," said the girl in sweet low tones of pity, after her brief pause.

"I'm dying."

"It grieves me much to hear you say so," said the girl bending over the bed; "can I do anything for you?"

The woman straightened herself on her pillows and for a moment her heavy eyelids were lifted, and an expression almost of eagerness dawned in her eyes while they sought Evelyn's face. But in an instant it had faded, and her gaze dropped again to the dingy coverlid at her feet.

"No, no," she muttered; "no, no, nothing; I only wanted one thing, the priest to give me the last Sacraments, and that I couldn't have."

"Could you not have a priest now?" asked Miss Kinnard, sympathizing with an unfulfilled desire if not understanding the need.

"Too far," whispered the dying woman; "and I'm going fast."

"Can I be of no use, can I do nothing to help you?" enquired the girl, gently putting aside the hair that was clinging to the wet brow and neck.

"Could you say some prayers!"

Evelyn Kinnard, used to ministering in the kindliest fashion to every material necessity, was somewhat taken aback at this request, which was of a new sort.

"I could——I could read you some of the Psalms."

"Prayers for the Dying, my book there," gasped the sick woman, as she pointed to a rough table on which Miss Kinnard perceived a small brown book.

She reached it and commenced hurriedly to turn over its pages to find what was asked for; she discovered the prayers and litany, and read them, the sick woman now and again murmuring a response or brief petition. Then turning to a page with many finger marks and judging that it was a favourite prayer, she read the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, the poor woman answering with a weak "pray for us." Even after there was any audible reply, Evelyn saw her lips move as though she were still trying to frame some appeal; but at last she became perfectly still, her face grew set, her eyes seemed closed for ever.

Miss Kinnard, tired out, rose from her knees and sank upon a chair at the bedside, but she continued to turn over the pages of the prayer-book, which seemed to have an interest for her; but presently the light began to fail and she was feeling some anxiety as to what she ought to do. Irresolute, she moved a few paces away in the direction of the window, and stood there considering the course she should take.

Meanwhile the elder child slipped off her seat and came slowly towards her. Unnoticed by Miss Kinnard

she approached, step by step, as though fearful yet fascinated beyond resistance. As soon as she was within reach the little girl stretched out a quivering finger and touched Miss Kinnard's shining blue robe.

"Well, little one, what is it?" asked Evelyn, looking down with a kindly smile.

The child made no response; she simply continued to gaze upward in a species of ecstacy. With only her dim experiences of unlovely sights and sounds, this lady, with the beautiful face and the bright gold hair and wonderful attire who spoke in such sweet and thrilling tones, seemed no ordinary dweller upon earth; she most plainly belonged to some brighter sphere than this dusty toil-worn world.

"Well, what is it?" again questioned Miss Kinnard, laying her hand upon the child's head.

This time her enquiry was heeded at all events.

"Are you our Lady?" whispered the little girl.

"I am a lady."

"But are you our Lady, are you Holy Mary?"

"Good gracious, child!" exclaimed Miss Kinnard, as she perceived the little one's mistake,—she might not so readily have comprehended the allusion but for her recent reading of the Catholic prayer-book. "What an idea! No; what put such a thought into your mind?"

"Mother said our Lady must take care of us, 'cos she was going to die; so I 'spected you were our Lady come for us."

"No, no; and you must never again say such a thing," said Miss Kinnard, with a sense of shock and pain for which she could not have accounted.

"I thought you were; and you aren't an angel."

"No," said Evelyn smiling, "I am not an angel, but why are you so sure?"

"'Cos you've got no wings," was the reply; and as she spoke the little girl moved to one side and surveyed Miss Kinnard's shoulders as though to make certain she had not overlooked the pinions.

At the remark and at the action Evelyn laughed out right. The next instant she was startled into seriousness by a cry from the bed. It was only a low inarticulate call or sob, but a ghost could not have frightened Evelyn more; turning round she perceived that the sick woman had again opened her heavy eyes and that, more mournful than ever, they were fixed upon her and the little girl. In an instant she had sprung back to her place at her side and was bending over the sick woman who was trying to say some words.

"The children!"

"Do you want them?"

"No, to speak to you," gasped the mother.

"Yes, I am listening; what is it?"

"Stop a minute."

Accordingly Miss Kinnard waited while the short quick breathings grew quieter and slower, but then the heavy eyelids closed once more. Evelyn was loth to hurry or disturb the dying woman, but she began to fear that she would fall into a death-sleep before she had told her wish.

"You were saying you wanted to speak to me," prompted Evelyn at last anxiously.

"By and by; I'm too tired now."

"You had better finish, then you'll have an easy mind and can rest; what were you going to say?"

"Nothing, nothing; what should I have to say?" muttered the poor creature turning her face away impatiently.

Miss Kinnard hesitated in distress; she was convinced the woman had some desire before the weakness and sleep overcame her. Was it anything of importance? that was the point; Evelyn determined to make one more effort to rouse her.

"You were telling me something about your children."

"The children, yes, the children; I was going to ask you for something for them: what was it?" asked the

sick woman and she stared into Evelyn's face as though she hoped to read her own wishes there.

The young girl knew not how to help the failing mind and she had not the slightest clue to the woman's desires; so slowly the lids drooped over the mournful baffled eyes. "I can't tell, I can't tell," she muttered.

There was silence for some minutes and Evelyn had given up all hope, when suddenly the dying woman twisted round and spoke out with new vigour.

"The children," said she quite distinctly, but her short breathing was louder than her words; "they must be brought up Catholics. You are a lady, you are rich and will be heeded, say that they must be brought up Catholics. I suppose they must go to the Union, but I want them kept in their religion, they must be kept in their religion."

"I will do what I can," said Miss Kinnard, putting her fresh young lips close to the ear of the dying woman; "but, tell me, have you no friends who would look after the children?"

"No, none; Father Price could tell you about me."

This was something tangible to go upon and Miss Kinnard caught at it. "Where does Father Price live? What is his address?"

"He's at Newville in Sandstoneshire."

"Listen to me now; I can make no exact promise, but I will do what I can to see that the children are brought up in their own faith."

Once more the sick woman's eyes scanned Evelyn's face, but the bright blue eyes of the girl met hers reassuringly. "God and our Lady reward you," murmured the dying woman; then, "Holy Mary, be a mother to my poor children," and almost as she had completed the short sentence her head fell over to the side, and she never roused again to any earthly matter.

A few minutes later there was a stir outside the door and a woman entered with clanging footsteps. This fresh visitor in the first place stepped up to the bed and took a business-like survey of the patient.

"She's nearly gone, poor thing," commented she in a hoarse loud whisper.

Her observations ended, she walked over to the children and gave each of them a thick slice of bread spread with treacle that she was holding in her hand, putting down between them a cup of warm tea. The woman's manner was rough; the bread was but sparsely covered with treacle and the tea might have been described as sweetened hot water; but the food and the time were spared from a large family of her own, and God's angel was writing down the charity.

Miss Kinnard watched the children: each took the great slice of bread and began to eat straight through it, and when Evelyn saw their eagerness and their satisfaction in the coarse food, and realized that these young children had sat on patient in their hunger, the bright drops rolled down her face. She next set to questioning the neighbourly woman who was helping, but there was very little to learn, or at least this good Samaritan had little to say about the stranger. Her name was Preston, and she had come there "hopping," or in other words picking hops in the hopyards about, and had been taken ill, and she was but weakly in the beginning. She knew she was a Catholic by the little cross about her neck and by what she had said. Was she a widow? Yes, she had said her husband had died a year before. That was all Evelyn could gather.

The shades of evening were gathering thickly now, and Miss Kinnard was assured that she could be of no use, so she prepared to leave.

"*She'll* never move again," said Mrs. Tibbs, after glancing at the poor sick creature once more.

"But what will become of the children?" asked Miss Kinnard.

"Oh! I'll take them to be with mine for a bit; we'll not feel them couple o' little things much extry."

Miss Kinnard was by no means unmindful of her promise to the poor dying mother, but she was not so

successful in her efforts as she could have wished. Upon calling the next morning she was informed the woman had died in the course of the night, and she found the children in Mrs. Tibb's room; but the timid little strangers were rather frightened and oppressed by Mrs. Tibb's rough boys and girls; so Evelyn arranged with Mrs. Scannell, the owner of the house, to take charge of the children for a few weeks until some permanent arrangements could be made.

As a first step Evelyn Kinnard wrote to the priest whose address had been given her. The morning post three days later brought a reply, but it was not from Father Price at all, but from a priest whose name was quite new to Miss Kinnard. He informed her that Father Price had left the mission of Newville two years ago, and had since died. He, Father Barry, could make no suggestion as to the children; he feared it would be impossible to get them into any Catholic home or orphanage, but cautioned Miss Kinnard to take pains that they were entered as Catholics upon the Creed Register if they were placed in the Union.

In point of fact Father Barry was a priest with a large flock and small means, and his own works filled his mind and heart and hands and altogether overflowed his purse. So naturally, with the writing of the letter, he was compelled to dismiss this outside far-off business from his attention. After this first check Miss Kinnard paused for breath and thought, and meanwhile went over and paid Mrs. Scannell for another fortnight's keep of the children. Then suddenly Evelyn bethought herself of a certain lady having property in the neighbourhood who was a Catholic, and she next wrote to her. This great lady gave Evelyn the interesting intelligence that it was a very sad case, but there were unfortunately only too many similar ones, and she enclosed a sovereign for any present expenses; after which that great lady had an agreeable sense of having acted with liberality and charity, and *she* felt at peace on the subject.

Well, the end was the children went into the Union Workhouse, and in twelve months little Effie Preston, far from being ready to see visions of our Lady, had forgotten her very name, had forgotten the little Catholic prayers she had been carefully taught and all else.

It was not as satisfactory an ending as she could have wished, still Evelyn Kinnard's anxiety was chiefly from respect to the mother's desires and for her own promise, and now, done well or done ill, it was settled, and she felt that she could dismiss the whole matter from her mind.

Yet strange to say it was not all dismissed, she found by experience. For one thing, the Catholic religion had for her now an interest and an existence it had not before. Next, portions of the prayers she had read in the book belonging to the dying woman, and, above all, the prayer: "God and our Lady reward you—Holy Mary, be a mother to my children," haunted her memory; and as a natural consequence of her interest and curiosity she went when opportunity offered to a service in a Catholic church, and these visits deepened her interest and respect. Early in the spring she went to London for some months and there it grew to be a practice of hers to attend Catholic services. So events proceeded, her interest increasing, until at last Evelyn realized that to her a Catholic church, whether empty or filled with worshippers, had become a sacred spot, well beloved, in some indefinable way different to any other place on the face of the earth.

Thus far all was smooth; something had been added to her life, a sentiment, an affection, but no care and no trouble.

But now came a change, now began a painful struggle, a sad conflict.

The Catholic Church is not a mother only to be loved and admired. She puts forth claims, she demands fealty and obedience and unwavering faith.

As far as her voice reaches she claims these; to whatsoever soul she speaks, of that soul she asks these. And Evelyn Kinnard heard those trumpet-tones, and could neither accept nor reject her demands.

One morning, tired of the hot pavements and of the movement and noise of the streets, she turned aside into a church standing wide open and inviting entrance. Walking up the nave to a front bench, she seated herself, and for the hundreth time the all-important topic beat to and fro in her mind.

Evelyn had not been long in her place when a priest entered the church by a side-door near the main entrance. As he stopped in crossing to adore the Eternal Presence, his attention was caught by the solitary worshipper near the altar. Stay! was it a worshipper, to be looking up and down in that impatient manner, and once certainly the hands were beaten together in anger or anxiety? At all events, it was a soul in perplexity; so, instead of merely crossing into the schools as he had intended to do, the priest in his turn walked up the aisle. As he drew near, Miss Kinnard heard his footsteps and she glanced round. Finding his presence was perceived, he moved quickly forward to her side.

"Can I be of use to you?" asked he in quiet tones.

"Oh, no, thank you."

The priest still lingered, so after a moment's pause Evelyn went on speaking; "I am not a Catholic, I am a Protestant."

"Is that so? Well, you cannot bring any trouble to a better place than to the Altar of God."

"I am not in trouble," said Evelyn stiffly, as she stood up to leave.

"I beg your pardon. Pray do not go, I am so sorry to have disturbed you."

"I do not know that you have disturbed me," said Evelyn more genially, and after a glance at the kindly countenance of the aged priest she smiled in her bright

frank manner; "and you were partly right; I am not exactly in trouble, but I have a *difficulty*, only it is an old one now.—I did not think, however, that I was watched," added the girl, her resentment again coming uppermost.

The good Father, anxious only to be of help, ignored the little spirit of temper and took up her early admission. "Can you tell me your difficulty?—That is to say, if I can be of any use."

"Of no use," answered Evelyn decidedly; "but I can tell it you. I cannot make up my mind on a subject; I cannot believe nor disbelieve in the Catholic Church, and it is very painful."

"Ah! this is interesting. See, we cannot talk very comfortable here; will you come into my room, it is close at hand?"

Without waiting for a reply Father Wilson moved forward, and Evelyn had scarcely any choice but to follow him had she wished to do otherwise, which was not the case. He led the way out of the church and along a short passage, thence ushering her into a small parlour. Evelyn observed everything with attention, but her curiosity was poorly rewarded, for the sitting room was a very ordinary one, small in size, spare in furniture and entirely destitute of ornament save for a single religious print which hung over the mantelpiece.

Father Wilson placed one of the three chairs that the room contained for his visitor, then seated himself upon another.

"You were telling me," he began at once; "that you could neither believe nor disbelieve in the Catholic religion."

Evelyn nodded. "It is the fact."

"May I ask first why you cannot disbelieve in the Catholic religion?"

"It is difficult to explain," answered the girl with a short uneasy laugh. "I am not used to speaking of these things."

"Never mind, try. I am sure you can give your reasons."

Still Evelyn did not speak; it was not reluctance that made her hesitate, it would rather have been a relief to unburden her mind, but she did not know how to give form to her thoughts. So she wore out some tassels on her parasol by drawing them through her fingers while she pondered the subject.

The priest waited in patience and in silence.

"Well," she began at length; "I cannot disbelieve in the Catholic religion because of all the evidences of piety. I do not know that briefly I can put what I mean any better than that."

"No," said he; "that is clear enough; but how have you discovered the piety?"

"It is not difficult to see," answered Evelyn, looking up and her face kindling; "I could not help noticing the difference between a Catholic congregation and a Church of England one or any other, for that matter; Catholics are so earnest and devout in church, they pray with such fervour, and it is the same in everything. Why, you have only to read their prayers or their books of devotion to see the difference."

"Quite true, you have observed truly enough; but now, why cannot you believe in the Catholic religion?"

Miss Kinnard sighed deeply. "I must explain that I have generally gone to an evening service,—Benediction I think you call it?"

Father Wilson nodded an assent and Evelyn went on; she had begun in a low tone of depression but her words soon came quick and fast.

"But I have also often been at Mass; well, at the Elevation and at Benediction I have wished and longed that I could believe as the people about me were believing, when the heads would be swept downwards and there is such a solemn hush through the church; and I have tried again and again, but my whole being rebels against calling THAT the great God and Creator; my whole soul rises in indignation at the idea."

"Ah!" exclaimed the priest thoughtfully, as soon as she had finished her impetuous speech. "Ah! then you think that when it was told Mary that she was to be the Mother of the Lord, she should have cried out, 'Far be it from me to believe such a thing'; foreseeing all that His Birth and Infancy entailed, her soul should have risen in indignation at the idea?"

"I never thought of that!" cried Evelyn, suddenly, stricken to the heart. "I never thought of that, it is a view that never came into my mind," she repeated, while she gazed meditatively into the empty grate.

There was silence for a few minutes and then Evelyn rose to her feet.

"And now what do you mean to do?" asked Father Wilson testing her. "Are you just going on as you are, keeping a sort of middle course?"

Evelyn flashed round, her bright blue eyes opened wide.

"There is no middle course; no middle opinions can be held as to the Church of Rome: either it is full of idolatry, superstition and absurd pretensions; or it is the truth and God's Teacher."

"I think you are not so very far wrong," said the priest smiling. "If I can be of service to you any time I shall be very glad, and I will pray for you."

"I wonder who she is," said the priest to himself as he closed the street door after Evelyn's departure. "But, no matter; it is an honest soul and, God helping her, she will find the light."

His words proved correct. A week had scarcely gone over their heads when Evelyn returned. Her scruples as to the Mass, which had been her chief stumbling-block, removed, she was ready and anxious to be received into the Church.

Years have gone by; at first it was a disappointment to her to know that she had no vocation to be a religious; but with meekness and cheerfulness she

settled down in the "lower place," and she carries forward in the world a much greater work than she dreams of, for with her bright and kindly manner she gives no offence, and with her lively words and vivid faith she sows the first seed of truth in many hearts.

Meanwhile the children have not been forgotten. Not long after her reception into the Church, Evelyn found means to remove them from the workhouse and place them in a Catholic school. Thence, after a good training they were placed in service or apprenticed to a trade, and they are now doing well.

ST. AUGUSTINE:

THE APOSTLE OF THE ENGLISH

BY THE REV. A. J. SAXTON

1. Missioners from Rome.

THERE are certain of God's saints who may not inaptly be compared to that bright star which led the Magi to the feet of the Infant Saviour. We know nothing of the time or manner of its first appearing, and we believe that when its work was done, it ceased to shine; at least, none have pointed out its position. So is it with the class of saints to whom we refer. Nothing is heard of them until the moment when God chooses them to carry out an important mission—it may be to flash as the star did upon the dark night of some nation's unbelief, and bring its people to a knowledge of Himself. And then, when their task is completed, they are withdrawn from the gaze of men, their memory is lost to the busy world, but preserved by the result of their labours.

In no case is this more beautifully exemplified than in that of our own St. Augustine. Our own, and yet again not our own. Not ours, if indeed, as seems certain, another land gave him birth and education, and most of

the treasures that he spent so freely in this: but ours truly by many ties stronger, if rightly viewed, than are those of carnal blood and birth—the bonds which unite for ever an apostle to the land that he has won to God. Ours he is, because to our forefathers he was sent and gave himself, because amongst them he worked for them and for us, because his influence abides here still, and his powerful intercession is exerted on our behalf from the bright throne that his labours in our land have secured to him.

Of St. Augustine's parentage, the place and time of his birth, and of his early years, we know nothing. Not until the day when the great St. Gregory entrusted him with the work so near his own heart, does his history begin; and then he was prior of that house which St. Gregory himself had founded and in which he later became a monk, finally ruling it as abbot before ascending the throne of St. Peter. While a simple monk, St. Gregory had longed to undertake the conversion of the Angles. When the solicitude of all the churches had devolved upon him, he naturally turned to his own monastery to find those who should realize his ardent desire in his stead, and he thus came to be represented by St. Augustine and his companions. St. Gregory in spirit, in attempt, and in direction was the Apostle of England; while St. Augustine and his companions spent their lives in effecting its conversion. They all came from the monastery of St. Andrew; hence we may fairly recognize that spot as the cradle of our Christianity; and there are few shrines in Rome that should be more dear to Englishmen than the present church of St. Gregorio on the Cœlian. The following description of the home of all these apostles, taken from M. Chantrel's little History of the Popes,[1] is sure to be read with interest:—

[1] St. Gregoire le Grand. Paris: C. Dillet, 1874.

"Englishmen who visit Rome, whatever be the motive which brings them, will doubtless not fail to direct their steps towards a noble edifice, situate on the summit of the Palatine near the ruins of Nero's Golden House, which is the property of one of their countrymen. If from the height of its southern terrace they contemplate the magnificent panorama stretched before their eyes, they may notice a white house that rises midway up the Cœlian Hill. It seems to lean upon a church, around which other small buildings still stand, now half hidden in verdure. It was from here that twelve centuries ago came the apostles of their nation. This white house is the monastery where lived St. Gregory the Great; hither it was that he returned, on the day when he saw those young Angles who in their beauty appeared to him to be angels; here he conceived the project of converting those ancestors of our Englishmen. The three buildings which strike the visitor's eye will recall great memories. The first, upon which may be read the inscription *Triclinium pauperum* (Dining-hall of the Poor), still contains the table of stone around which there used every day to sit twelve poor men whom St. Gregory fed and attended in person. The second building, called *Memoriale Sanctæ Silviæ* (Monument of St. Silvia), is a chapel dedicated to the memory of the saintly Pontiff's mother. The third is the Church dedicated to St. Andrew by St. Gregory, where is still shown the marble pulpit from which the Saint pronounced, on the Apostle's feast-day, a homily that has come down to our times. Such is the spot, such are the memorials, that tell in their mute eloquence of the means taken by Providence for the conversion of England."

For it was, as we have seen, the Prior of this monastery of St. Andrew who found himself summoned, one day in the early part of 596, before the Sovereign Pontiff. He was told that now he must

"forget his people and his father's house;" that to him was to be entrusted the performance of a task long coveted by his master and friend the saintly Gregory, and once in vain attempted, to carry the Gospel of peace to the warlike Angles, to make their Ella's land ring with Alleluias, to tame the fierce dispositions so ill-represented by their angelic faces, and turn away the wrath of God from their island, making it an island of saints, the dowry of God's sweet Mother.

No doubt the Prior had heard mentioned—perhaps he had even witnessed—the grief with which the Holy Father, when a monk himself, had been recalled from his journey to this promising harvest, a score of years previously. He bowed his head in humble submission, and set about preparing for his departure. Many other God-fearing monks, St. Bede tells us, were appointed to assist him, to the number as it would seem of forty. It would be gratifying to think with M. Chantrel that among them were men of that nation to which they were destined, who, as boys of seventeen or eighteen, had been purchased for this very purpose by Candidus, St. Gregory's legate in Gaul, some four years earlier. But such an idea seems quite unfounded, and Dr. Lingard evidently rejected it, assigning this mission of the Italian monks to St. Gregory's holy impatience, which could not brook the delay necessary for the education of the youthful Angles.

When well provided with every requisite, the band of missionaries went to take leave of Pope Gregory, and he, "after a most diligent exhortation," says Gocelin—a monk who in the eleventh century wrote St. Augustine's Life—"equipped them with arms for the fruitful contest of patience, commended them to God and the angels of peace, and set them upon the road of unending bliss. Long were the task," he continues, "but a pious one, to tell of the holy and tender feelings of the blessed men

Gregory and Augustine, and of the saintly monks thus torn from the motherly bosom of their convent church, the pangs of wounded love they felt at this bodily separation, the sighs and tears poured forth on both sides."

For the last time the monks gazed upon the white monastery whose walls had sheltered them so long; they strained their eyes for a parting glimpse of the Eternal City, and at length found themselves fairly embarked on their journey. Landing most probably at Marseilles, they set out on their journey through Gaul. But when they had advanced some little distance on their way, "probably," says Alban Butler, "as far as Aix in Provence," they began to repent of their undertaking. For discouraging rumours reached their ears anent the ferocity of the tribes to which they were journeying, a people more savage than the wild beasts; how they delighted in deeds of cruelty rather than in feasting, thirsted for the blood of the innocent, detested the Christian faith, and to those who would teach them made answer by torment and butchery. It is not by any means unlikely that they had met with men who of their own sad experience could tell of the atrocities practised by the Angles, for St. Bede relates that many of the Britons "in their affliction, sought the lands beyond the sea." From them they might get such a picture of horrors as that drawn a few years before by St. Gildas, himself a Briton, and reproduced in less vivid colours by the holy monk of Jarrow. "The buildings, public as well as private, were thrown down, everywhere priests were butchered at the altar, rulers and people, without regard to honour, cut off by fire and sword alike, while none might be found to bury those thus cruelly done to death." Small wonder perhaps if the hearts of the travellers sank within them, and if, not heeding the expostulations of their more zealous and

invincible leader, they clamoured for his return to Rome, "by humble supplication to obtain of St. Gregory that they might not be forced to make a pilgrimage so fraught with danger, toil, and uncertainty." With slow and sad steps, we may suppose, St. Augustine sought the city to which he had bidden a courageous adieu; loth no doubt to appear so soon, and empty-handed, before his Bishop, and dreading no slight rebuke as being feeble and infirm of purpose He set before the Pope his companions' petition, to which—as he himself had doubtless trusted and foreseen—St. Gregory turned a deaf ear. With his own zeal now fanned into an unquenchable flame by the Pontiff's exhortations, and having received the apostolic benediction to confirm and fertilize his good desires, he left St. Gregory's presence for the last time, and hurried back to the sluggards, who were awaiting him in Provence, perhaps at the monastery of Lerins.

In reply to their questionings, he would tell them that henceforth they must look not back but forwards, and then, hushing their ill-stifled murmurs, read them St. Gregory's letter. In it that truly apostolic Father exhorted them to pay no heed to the tongues of evil-speaking men, but to press forward in the hope of a heavenly reward. He spoke of his own readiness, or rather his longing, to labour with them, and bade them "obey in all things Augustine your Prior, whom we set over you as abbot."

Thus encouraged, the monks hastened on their journey northward, for the summer was now well advanced. At Arles they delivered to the Archbishop, Virgilius, the commendatory letter with which St. Augustine had been provided. Then, by what appears to have been a somewhat circuitous route, they sought the tomb of St. Martin at Tours, to beg his intercession in behalf of their future labours, having first left at the

chief sees and courts in Gaul Pope Gregory's letters to those who ruled there.

Before crossing over from the mainland, they encountered one of the rare instances of attempts at persecution which we find recorded in their history. Wearied and spent, they would have sought lodgings one night at a little town in Anjou, which the Saint's biographers recognize as Pont-de-Sai. But a crowd of the churlish inhabitants, composed mainly of women, drove them off with many taunts and jeers, and even proceeded to take more violent measures. They followed the meek brethren to some distance, and one of the jades, bolder than her companions, came close to the holy abbot. With a true monk's first instinct, fearful for his chastity, he snatched up a javelin to stay her approach. The weapon darted from his hand, and stuck in the ground an incredible distance away. At once a clear spring gushed out, and here the monks spent the night without further molestation, a wondrous light marking out to the inhospitable townsfolk the elm round the trunk of which the men of God were reposing. A church was afterwards built here, and Gocelin tells us that in his day no woman durst enter it, but was fain to pray at the threshold, in fear of the Saint's displeasure at the insult offered to him by her sex.

II. A Bounteous Harvest.

Pursuing their journey, with the interpreters whom St. Gregory had directed them to procure, they crossed the Channel and landed in the Isle of Thanet, then of a sufficient size to maintain six hundred families, and separated from the mainland by the River Stour, which St. Bede calls the Wantsume. It is related that the hard rock upon which the Saint first set foot took its impression like soft soil and long retained it, a chapel

being afterwards built near the spot. St. Augustine—perhaps he was mindful of the rebuff they met at Pont-de-Sai—would not proceed at once to the royal city, but sent messengers to inform King Ethelbert, whose realm [1] extended from the great river Humber to the South Sea, that they had come from Rome as bearers of glad tidings for himself and his subjects, concerning a kingdom of bliss that would never end. The King's mind had been prepared by the conversation of his royal consort Bertha, daughter of Charibert, the Christian king of Paris, and by the discourses of her holy companion Luidhard or Letardus, by whose ministrations, until his death, she had been enabled to practise the rites of our holy religion. Hence the reply sent back to the strangers was most favourable and courteous. They were to want for nothing until the King himself should fulfil his promise of going to visit them in the island, and hear their message from their own lips.

Attended by a train of the chief men of his kingdom, Ethelbert went out one day to Thanet, and sent for the monks, whom he determined to interview in the open air, the better to resist, as he thought, any magic arts. Augustine and his fellow-labourers came in procession, chanting their litanies, bearing a silver cross and a painted picture of our Redeemer, set off with gold. The King bade them be seated, and listened with attention while they preached the Word of Life. Their abbot was the first to speak. Gocelin professes to relate his very words, probably however from pure conjecture, or it may be from some tradition of his monastery with which St. Bede was unacquainted. Want of space forbids the reproduction of the discourse, which is by

[1] Realm is here used by the Saxon homilist in the sense of "rule," rather than of "kingdom" or "territory." Kent alone belonged to Ethelbert, but the other kings south of the Humber acknowledged him as their supreme lord, or Bretwalda.

no means devoid of beauty. "Then," continues the same biographer, "his coadjutors added various things, according as God gave them to speak."

The seed which they scattered fell on ready soil. "Fair indeed," replied the King, "are your words and the promises which you bring:" but his was not one of the hearts that "when they hear, receive the word with joy, and these have no roots, but are only for a time." Much was yet to be done in the way of good example, tearful pleading, and patient explanation, by his pious spouse and the zealous men before him, in order that what they sowed that day might strike deep into the earth and bring forth fruit. "Since," he continued, "these things are new and uncertain, I cannot yield my assent to them, by abandoning what I, with the whole nation of the English, have so long observed. But because you have come hither from afar like pilgrims, and, if I perceive aright, have desired to impart to us also what you yourselves regard as true and excellent, we will not molest you: it is rather our pleasure to receive you with kind hospitality, we shall take care to provide you with all necessaries and we do not forbid you by your preaching to make all whom you may sharers in the faith of your religion." "Accordingly he gave them an abode in the city of Canterbury, which was the mother-city of all dominions, and while providing them, as he had promised, with corporal food, he did not withdraw his permission to preach" (St. Bede).

Sixty years ago there was still standing "St. Augustine's Oak," a spreading tree that shaded full half-an-acre. This was believed to be the very one under which King Ethelbert, surrounded by his courtiers, sate to hear the opening discourse of the Roman missioners. But even such a memory could not preserve it from the axe, and it fell, the last of a large group, to be used for repairs on a farm close by. A more stately memorial

now puts the people of Kent in mind of the interview: namely, a stone cross twenty feet high, which Earl Granville, Warden of the Ports, erected in 1884. "St. Augustine's Well," which never runs dry, is near at hand. If we may believe a tradition attached to it, it was here that the Saint baptized his first convert, before going to take possession of his new home in Canterbury. The monks entered the city in procession, displaying their cross of silver, and the picture of our Saviour that has become one of the emblems of our Saint. He, their abbot, brought up the rear, intoning the sacred chant in which the others took their part. Small heed, undoubtedly, he would pay to the throng of Saxons, who gazed in wonder upon the flowing robes of the monks, upon their shaven crowns, their meek and gentle demeanour, their strange standard of the cross, and who listened with admiration to the melodious strains in an unknown tongue, which differed so widely from their own rude drinking-songs and their savage battle-cry. His thoughts, if they wandered at all from the words of supplication that his lips pronounced, rushed back a few months, and dwelt upon the sadness with which, in similar procession, they had left their home of St. Andrew. He seemed to see already verified those words of the Psalm: "Going they went and wept, casting their seeds: but coming they shall come with joyfulness, carrying their sheaves." And with the first promises of this joy quickening his fervour, he raised his voice to repeat the refrain, "Let Thy indignation and Thy wrath, O Lord, we beseech Thee, in all Thy mercy, be turned away from this city and from Thy holy house, for we have sinned; Alleluia."

In this way they took possession of the dwelling which had been set apart for their use. At once they began, according to St. Bede, "to imitate the apostolic life of the primitive Church, namely, by assiduous

attention to prayer, watching and fasting, preaching to all whom they might the Word of Life, and they showed a mind disposed to suffer even death for the truths which they preached." Gocelin tells us moreover that on each and all were bestowed miraculous gifts of healing. From all this followed, as a natural result, the rapid conversion of large numbers of the English.

A little to the east of a city stood an old church of St. Martin, built in times when the Romans occupied the island. Queen Bertha had found it dismantled, and after causing it to be repaired, had worshipped here under Luidhard. Here St. Augustine assembled his monks for the round of sacred hours and the other services of the Church. Midnight found them at their places in choir for matins, followed at early dawn by lauds. Then Augustine and his fellow-priests would start the succession of Masses, that might go on until the hour for midday sext—a series broken however at sunrise and at the third hour for prime and tierce. At the ninth hour and at sundown the duties of instructing and baptizing their converts, would be suspended for nones and for vespers or evensong; and at last the monks retired to a rest as scanty as had been their meals during the day, barely sufficient for the requirements.

Such were their life and occupations during the early part of 597. The mind and heart of King Ethelbert meanwhile, subjected to so many holy influences, were aided by the action of God's grace. He began to practise the various works of mercy, greatly to the joy of St. Augustine, and at length on June 1st, the eve of the great festival of Pentecost as is supposed, he received from his spiritual father the spotless robe of Baptism. Vast numbers flocked to witness the imposing ceremony, both from Canterbury and from the surrounding country, and many were admitted, after

their king, into the limits of the one fold. The wider spread of religion and its firmer establishment resulted from the good example of these fervent converts, and before long St. Augustine deemed it necessary to follow St. Gregory's directions as to his consecration. He accordingly crossed over to Arles, and on November 17th, within a year of his landing among the English, he was consecrated their Archbishop by Virgilius, the Pope's Vicar in Gaul. He then hastened back to make complete, by presence of its newly inaugurated head, his infant Church. We may imagine the joy and reverence with which its members received him: for until now their functions had been shorn of that solemnity which is lent by a bishop's presence, and by the lifting up of his consecrated hands to give the blessing valued so highly by a faithful people. The Saxons even had felt this, as they listened to the descriptions given by their teachers of the magnificent rites performed in the Eternal City. But most of all had Queen Bertha felt the void, since Luidhard had been taken from her by death. Now however her happiness was full, and by sympathy that of her convert husband and that of their subjects, as they knelt before the first archbishop of their nation, to receive the benediction he so fervently invoked.

According to St. Bede, one of his first acts after his return was to send off to Rome Lawrence a priest, and Peter a monk, to carry to the anxious Pope the glad news of the rapid spread of religion, and of the archbishop's recent consecration. They were most probably the messengers from whom the saintly Pontiff learnt the tidings, which in the fulness of his joy he made haste to communicate to Eulogius, Patriarch of Alexandria. "Full well," he writes, "do I know that in all your good deeds you deeply sympathize with the joy of others. I will repay then your favour and reply to your tidings by

others not very dissimilar. The English, a people shut up in a little corner of the world, have been up to this time unbelievers, nay worshippers of stocks and stones. And now Augustine, one of the brethren of my monastery, by my authority has been consecrated their bishop by the bishops of Germany. And on the feast of our Lord's Nativity more than ten thousand English were baptized."

Nor was such a rapid spread of religion due to any compulsion on the part of King Ethelbert. He saw with a holy joy the efforts of his instructors being everywhere crowned with success, though he had paid too much heed to their lessons of Christian meekness to think that those efforts ought to be seconded by violence or penal legislation. But he was not content to co-operate in the work merely by prayers and good example. He thought it fitting that the ambassadors of the King of Heaven should have no worse lodging than that occupied by himself, an earthly monarch. The royal family consequently retired to Reculver, and gave up their palace in Canterbury for the use of their archbishop and his successors. Then the church of St. Martin was found too small for the crowds of worshippers. Recourse was had to a pagan temple which stood half-way between it and the city, and in which the king had long celebrated those national rites which he had first seemed so loth to abandon. This fane the archbishop now purified,—anticipating the directions of St. Gregory, which will be noticed in their place,—and fitted it for the worship of the true God. It was the first church which he consecrated, and he chose for it a name calculated to keep even fresh in the hearts of his monks the loved memory of the land they had so cheerfully abandoned. On property which had belonged to the family of St. Pancratius stood the mansion where St. Augustine's beloved master in Christ, Gregory, had

first drawn breath, and in which—after its conversion into the monastery of St. Andrew—the Saint's own choicest desires of the monastic state had been fostered and fulfilled. Under the invocation, then, of this martyr youth—whose noble character and glorious career were to be proposed in ages to come for the loving admiration of English-speaking Catholics by another archbishop,[1] himself also the first of a line deriving jurisdiction from the centre of unity—the edifice was dedicated. For centuries the monks at Canterbury would show the altar on which the Saint used to celebrate the Adorable Sacrifice, and tell how, "when Augustine first said Mass there, the demon, seeing himself ousted from the abode he had so long occupied, strove to overthrow the church from its foundations:" and they could point to "the evidences of the event still outwardly visible in the eastern wall of the building."

At the same time were set on foot the repairs of another old Roman church situate in the city itself, near to the palace. St. Augustine destined this for his Cathedral; and from the name which he afterwards bestowed upon it, together with the prominent place in his processions which he assigned to the richly-adorned picture of our Redeemer, we may gather that he cultivated a tender devotion to our Divine Lord's Passion. For "he hallowed it," to use again the words of St. Bede, "in the name of the Blessed Saviour, our Lord and God Jesus Christ." The expense of the repairs was defrayed by the king, and the same generous prince, at St. Augustine's suggestion, laid the foundations of a monastery close to St. Pancratius' Church, and, not satisfied with building it, enriched it with various gifts. It is not known in what year this work was begun: our Saint's eyes were not destined to see its completion, and other's hands were to place in its altars the relics, and to

[1] Cardinal Wiseman in *Fabiola, a Tale of the Catacombs*,

mark upon its walls the holy rood in sacred chrism. Seven years after his death it was consecrated by St. Lawrence, his successor, and received the names of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, though better known afterwards as the monastery of St. Augustine.

Along with the work of building these material temples the spiritual edifice in the hearts of the people steadily progressed, and before very long the whole of Kent sang praises to Christ. In the task of preaching, the holy archbishop took a principal part, and was most indefatigable, travelling about from town to town and from hamlet to hamlet, always on foot; his visits everywhere were long remembered by reason of the many blessings, spiritual and temporal, that he left behind him. He seems to have been on one of these missionary journeys when at the close of 601 or opening of 602, the long-absent messengers returned from Rome.

They came back laden with gifts from St. Gregory, presents for the sovereigns, and letters, "and everything necessary for the worship and ministry of the church, sacred vessels to wit, and altar-coverings, ornaments too for the churches, vestments for priests and clerks, relics of the holy Apostles and Martyrs, and also many books' (St. Bede). And what was still more welcome, they brought with them fresh workers—Paulinus, in after years the apostle and archbishop of the Deiri in North Yorkshire, the Abbot, Mellitus, and Justus, whom St. Augustine made bishops in 604—all three now honoured as saints. Besides these were the monk Ruffinianus, and a number more, including cantors well versed in St. Gregory's own style of chant.

Most important among the letters was St. Gregory's reply to a number of questions addressed to him by St. Augustine, relative to the government of the newly-established church of the Angles. The whole consultation occupies a considerable space in St. Bede's narrative,

and it is with great regret that we must pass it by with so little notice, for much may be learnt by its diligent perusal. The questions of the archbishop often regard matters into which his own knowledge of Scripture, St. Gregory more than once reminds him, must have given him already a full insight. Yet with a childlike humility and simplicity, showing no fear of being thought ignorant, he seeks for the confirmation of his knowledge from one whom he evidently recognizes as a divinely-appointed authority, the successor and representative of St. Peter, and teacher of the pure orthodox faith. His second question points especially to his love and reverence for the Roman See, the mother and mistress of the churches. So convinced is he of that see being the model for all others, that he asks, in what might almost be termed a tone of surprise, how it is that "one custom of Masses is adhered to in the Roman Church, another in that of Gaul." The Pontiff's answer is not less characteristic: "Choose assiduously what is most pleasing to God" out of the customs of different places, and teach that to the English. "For things are not to be loved for the sake of places, but places for things." His directions as to celibacy are worthy of notice: he permits marriage to none in sacred orders.[1] His correspondence throughout on the subject of the converted English, is marked by an apostolic zeal and prudence, by a gentle forbearance that does not forget to rebuke when occasion requires, and by a full appreciation of the dignity, authority, and prerogatives of his position, backed up by profound knowledge. Even while he styles himself "servant of the servants of God," his unassuming tone of command never lets us forget that he is Pope.

In another letter to his beloved disciple, written just

[1] "If there are any clerks not received into holy orders, who cannot live continent, they are to take wives, and receive their stipends abroad."—Dr. Giles's translation.

before the messenger's departure for Rome, he says—"We grant you the use of the pallium [1] during the solemn celebration of Mass; ordain twelve bishops in separate districts, who shall be subject to your authority. We will that you send as archbishop to the city of York whomsoever you judge fit to ordain; to this end, however, that if that city and the neighbouring parts receive the Word of God, he too may ordain twelve bishops, and enjoy the honour of metropolitan."

It was the Pope's intention that the southern metropolitan, presiding also over twelve suffragan bishops, should, after St. Augustine's death, have his see at London. But such an arrangement as he contemplated was found impracticable, and St. Augustine in consequence left things in the more convenient order in which they so long remained.

"I know, dearest brother," writes St. Gregory to him in another letter, "that the omnipotent God, through your affection, shows forth great miracles in the nation of which He has been pleased to make choice; hence it is necessary that for this same heavenly gift you rejoice in fear, and fear still while you rejoice." He reminds him of our Lord's saying to His disciples, when they related that the devils also were subject to them in His name: "rejoice rather in this, that your names are written in heaven:" and after bidding him "thoroughly judge and sift himself to know what he is," continues to recall to his mind the many reasons for the wonderful gifts bestowed upon him, not for himself, "but for those men in the interests of whose salvation they are conferred." The letter concludes, as it had opened, with the angels' Christmas hymn: "in this joy then of heaven and of the angels, let us repeat the words of the angels which we

[1] A band of white wool worn on the shoulders; a token of the fulness of the episcopal office.

have already written: accordingly let us say, let us all say, 'Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.'"

To Queen Bertha also came a letter couched in terms of praise for her conduct "to our most reverend brother and fellow-bishop Augustine." In it she was compared to "Helen of pious memory"—one of the first-fruits of sanctity of our island—and urged to persevere in the good work so well begun, "by untiring exhortation to confirm the mind of your illustrious husband in love of the Christian faith." That fervent convert himself received a number of presents, "trifling indeed," said the holy Pope, in the letter which accompanied them, "but which will not be trifling in your eyes when they come to you with the blessing of St. Peter the Apostle fresh upon them." In the body of the letter he advises the King upon his conduct towards his subjects, and upon the means conducive to the prosperity of religion, reminding him of the good example of the emperor Constantine "who by his piety, by the praise he won, surpassed in fame all former princes, and excelled his predecessors in fair renown even as in good works." "Our most reverend brother the bishop Augustine," he writes, who is well trained in monastic rule, filled with a knowledge of sacred Scripture, and adorned by God's help with good works, hear in all its admonitions; devoutly put them in practice, and bear them carefully in mind."

The zealous Pope's concern for the entire conversion of the English had been in no way satisfied by the writing of these long letters, of which the above quotations are but the merest fragments. A few days after his messengers had left Rome on their way to England, he sent off a special courier with another long letter to Mellitus, abbot of this second detachment of monks. It contained fresh instructions, and modifications of

what was laid down in the letters already written. One passage is of special interest, as to its influence may be traced a custom still lingering among many primitive and simple-minded villagers—the feast or wake that is celebrated with family reunion and much homely rejoicing, on the feast of the patron saint of their "town." "When the omnipotent God shall have brought you to the most venerable brother, your bishop Augustine, tell him what, after long inward reflection, I have thought about the affairs of the Angles, to wit, that idol temples should by no means be destroyed in that nation; but let the idols in them be destroyed; let the holy water be blessed and sprinkled in the fanes; let altars be raised, and relics deposited therein . . . that the people, when they see that these same temples are not overthrown, may banish error from their hearts, and knowing and adoring the true God, resort more familiarly to the spots to which they are accustomed. And since they are wont to slaughter many oxen in sacrifice to the demons, for this cause some festival should be allowed them in exchange: as for instance, that on the day of dedication, or nativity [1] of the holy martyrs whose relics are placed there, they fashion booths out of the boughs of trees around those same churches that have been changed into such from being pagan temples; and they may keep the festival with religious feasting, and no more now offer their animals a sacrifice to the devil, but to the praise of God kill cattle for their own eating, and in their abundance return thanks to the Giver of all things . . . For it may not be doubted, that to cut off everything at once, is, with obdurate minds, impossible."

[1] The day of the saint's death is commonly styled by the Church his natal-day, as being the day of his birth to the life of glory in heaven.

III. Last Labours and Death.

Among other directions in the letters to St. Augustine he had read the following: "All the bishops of Britain we commit, brother, to you, that the unlearned may learn, the weak be strengthened by persuasion, the perverse corrected by authority." And again: "All the priests of Britain let your brotherhood hold in subjection to the authority of our Lord and God Jesus Christ, that by the word and living of your holiness they may perceive the form of right belief and good life, and fulfilling their part in faith and uprightness, may attain, when God shall please, to the heavenly kingdom." The holy bishop himself was no doubt filled with respect for those who had long kept the faith in the land; he yearned to see the Britons come forth from their mountain-fastnesses, and forget, as his own companions had done, their foolish dread of Saxon cruelty, and their still stronger and more unpardonable hatred towards their conquerors, and to have them join him in garnering the abundant harvest of souls. Accordingly, in the year 602 or 603, it would seem, a meeting was brought about, by the exercise of King Ethelbert's influence, between the Roman missionaries and the representatives of the British Church. St. Augustine cordially invited them to aid in preaching the Gospel to the tribes that had dispossessed the nation, requesting at the same time that they would lay aside certain peculiarities of discipline and liturgy, and conform to the Roman computation of Easter, at that time almost universally adopted. They, on the other hand, urged a local tradition of long standing, which, according to Gocelin, they referred not to apostolic times, as they surely would had an apostolic origin of their Church been known to them, but to Pope Eleutherius at the end of the second century. They persisted in their determination to

oppose all innovations, and in vain did the ministers of the holy archbishop add their entreaties and expostulations to his. At last the Saint, abandoning his attempts to win them over by patient and painstaking reasoning, suggested an appeal to that God "who," said he, "maketh men of one manner to dwell in the house of their Father (Psa. lxvii. 7) that He would vouchsafe to make known to us by signs from heaven which tradition should be followed, and by what ways we may proceed to the entering His kingdom." . . . "Let some sick man," he continued, "be brought, and through whosesoever prayer she become sound, let the faith and practice of this one be deemed devout before God, and that which should be followed by all."

Somewhat reluctantly, the British ecclesiastics consented, and they were the first to attempt the cure of the blind Saxon who was brought. Convinced at length of their inability to benefit him, they led the afflicted man to St. Augustine. He knelt down and invoked the Father of lights, the God of all consolation, begging Him to comfort His suffering one by restoring the sight he had lost, "and by the bodily illumining of one man," says St. Bede, "to light up in the hearts of many faithful the spiritual flame of grace." In answer to his prayer the eyes till now dull and sightless flashed bright and sound, and at once all proclaimed St. Augustine "a true herald of light from above." But while acknowledging his as the right path of justice, the bishops declined to enter it without the consent of their people, and asked that he would appoint a second meeting, at which more of their number might attend.

During the interval, they went to consult a recluse of esteemed prudence and holiness. On this occasion at least the hermit seems to have forgotten his wonted piety and wisdom, in advising them to think for a moment of rejecting lawful authority, or to be decided

in their acceptance of it by so unsure and trivial a thing as a foreigner's idea of politeness. "If he be a man of God," were his words, "follow him. Our Lord has said 'Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart.' If then this Augustine be stern and proud, it is clear that he is not from God, nor must you regard his word. Contrive therefore that he shall come first to the place of meeting, and if he shall rise at your appearance, know that he is a servant of Christ and listen to him with obedience. But if he shall despise you, and will not rise to you, though you are in greater numbers, let him be despised by you."

At the time agreed upon, a large body of the British clergy, among them seven bishops, with a number of their most learned men, chiefly from the monastery of Bangor, came to meet St. Augustine. The Metropolitan remained seated, possibly from the feeling that such an attitude best befitted his dignity as the Pope's representative. It was the duty of the representative of the Papacy to do honour to the dignity of the office represented by him. To rise in the presence of others is an acknowledgement of some sort of superiority of position in them. If Augustine had risen before the British bishops, he would have allowed that they were not inferior to the delegate of the Holy See, and that they had a right to treat with him on an equal footing, instead of being bound to receive from him the orders and the counsels of the Pope. He would have fostered the national as opposed to the Catholic spirit, and his enlightened eye may have seen in those British ecclesiastics the seeds of that evil plant which in later ages poisoned the whole land. Forgetting the miracle which had before convinced them, the Britains thought only of their hermit's counsel. "We will not have him for our archbishop," they angrily muttered to each other: "for if now he has not chosen to rise to us, how much more

will he contemn us as naught if we become subject to him." Determined as they were to contradict all he said, it was to no purpose that the man of God reduced his demands to three: "that you celebrate Easter at the proper time; that you complete the ministration of baptism, by which we are born again to God, according to the practice of the holy Roman and Apostolic Church; and that you preach along with us the word of the Lord to the nation of the Angles."

As the unsatisfactory meeting broke up, "the man of the Lord, Augustine, is said" -so St. Bede concludes his account of it—"to have foretold in a threatening manner that if they would not have peace with brethren, they should have war from foes; and if they would not preach the way of life to the English, at their hands they should suffer the retribution of death."[1]

His words were thought to have found fulfilment, when in 613, according to the most trustworthy authorities, and at the earliest in 607, Æthelfrith, king of Northumbria, led his army to Chester and there slew numerous Welsh. There were also slain two hundred priests, who had come there that they might pray for the army of the Welsh (*Anglo-Saxon Chronicle II.* p. 18). St. Bede's informant set down the total number slaughtered—out of those engaged in prayer—at twelve hundred.

From a human point of view, we may regard this event as the one disappointment in our Saint's career. His preaching to the Saxons had been everywhere

[1] It is difficult to determine the locality of this meeting, styled by some the Synod of Worcester. St. Bede says it was "on the confines of the Huiccii and West Saxons, at a place called to this day, in the English tongue, Augustine's Oak." In the absence of any conclusive testimony we may fix it, as does Dr. Lingard, at Austelive on the Severn, in Gloucestershire. (*Anglo-Saxon Church* I. p. 68.)

blessed beyond all hope. Even now, God had so far shown him favour as to work a miracle in testimony to the justice of his claims. His apostolic zeal and ardent charity seemed on the very point of being satisfied by the change into energetic fellow-workers, of those who hated so fiercely his well-loved children. Sore indeed must have been the trial, to see a hope long cherished dashed to the ground almost on the verge of fulfilment, and to feel that the disappointment might be attributed to a line of conduct, which was not only most innocent or rather praiseworthy in its motive, but could not easily be avoided.

The Britons in urging their tradition against the archbishop were far less excusable than at first sight they may appear: for one part of that tradition could surely not fail to be the attendance of three pastors of their own church at the Council of Arles scarcely three centuries before. At that Synod, composed of more than five hundred bishops from the chief sees of the Western Church, the reasons for uniformity in commemorating the Resurrection, the very groundwork of the whole Christian faith and centre of the chief festivals of the Redemption and Sanctification, had been set forth: "that as for many One died and rose again, by all the very occasion of it might be observed with religious mind, and no divisions or dissensions might arise in so great a tribute of devotion." In their first canon, and in the letter written to Pope Silvester, the assembled bishops had desired that the Pope should "address letters to all according to custom" upon this subject.

The intolerance evinced was but the intolerance, if we may style it so, of Christ Himself, ever opposed to disunion in His one fold, and praying just before the commencement of His bitter sufferings "not for the world, but for them whom Thou hast given Me, that

they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee" (St. John xvii. 9, 20, 21).

The assertion that St. Augustine left the assembly in a passion has very little, if anything, to support it in the narrative of St. Bede: other biographers are loud in their praises of the Saint's moderation. That venerable historian applies once the term "reproaches," and once the word "threatening," to the Saint's language. But surely a superior may many times both threaten and reproach, and, if led by the Holy Spirit, foretell the chastisements in store for the obstinate, without thereby deserving the charge of having lost his temper.

All that is known of St. Augustine, in fine, directly combats the notion that he would stoop to such an infamous act of revenge as contriving the massacre: the prince accused of being his accomplice had been rendered unwilling by his teaching to force Christianity upon the Angles; the calumniators can show nothing from the pages of early writers which gives ground to their belief—nay, are flatly contradicted by St. Bede, who says plainly that "already a long time had Augustine been translated to the heavenly kingdom." They cannot, moreover, tell us how the Kentish king and his adviser, having prevailed upon Æthelfrith to undertake the expedition, so arranged all the circumstances that the monks should expose themselves to attack.

The saints, like their Divine Model and Master, are never farther from defeat than when the world is glorying over their discomfiture. And so our Apostle recognized in this repulse the hand of God making trial of his humility and confidence. He remembered that it is not success in the work which is crowned, but purity of intention, and resumed with unruffled mind the labours among the people to whom Christ's Vicar had first sent him.

He had not forgotten the Deiri, the comely children

of whose land, according to the well-known tradition which St. Bede mentions, had first attracted St. Gregory's attention to our nation, "situate at the extremity of the world." And so, as Gocelin relates, after he parted from the Britons he directed his steps to the city of York, in which a bishop has held his see until compelled to retire by the Saxons. The same patient explanation of their heavenly doctrine, the same mortified way of life, the same disinterested conduct, the same confirmation by "signs that followed" of the word which they preached, the same circumstances as had won them a ready hearing in Kent, were present also in the journey northward of the Saint and his fellow-labourers. It pleased our Divine Master that the words spoken of His own journeyings in Palestine should now become applicable to His zealous minister: "much people followed him, and were in admiration at his doctrine" (St. Matt. iv. 25 and vii. 28).

As they neared the city, which might be styled ancient even at that day, they passed an unfortunate man whose whole frame was drawn together by paralysis, and his sight gone. The noise of the crowd aroused his interest, and he asked one of those from whom he received an alms, what was happening. Being told of the presence of the bishop, and of his marvellous gifts of healing, he resolved to beg his assistance. "Holy man," he cried, "in the fulness of thy well-known kindness aid one who is bereft of both health and means." "Silver and gold," replied this worthy disciple of St. Peter's successor, "I have none, but what I have I give thee; arise whole, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ" With that the stiff, helpless limbs grew firm, strong, and supple, and the closed eyes opened to gaze upon that kind face which was never known to turn away from the wretched. At the same time with his bodily health, St. Augustine had the happiness of bestowing

upon the poor man the better gift of spiritual life, for he begged at once, we are told by Gocelin, for instruction and baptism.

During the stay of the saintly religious at York, vast numbers were baptized, probably where the little river Foss flows into the Ouse; not in the Swale, as is sometimes said, perhaps, from confusing this event with the work of St. Paulinus.

Another miracle signalized the missioners' departure. Still more pitiable, if possible, than that of the man healed before, was the state of the afflicted creature who now presented himself. Stricken with leprosy, and with his body covered with corrupting sore, he pleaded for compassion rather by looks than words, for his malady had almost robbed him of the power of speech. Always ready to dispense the gifts he had so freely received, Augustine raises his hand to bless the leper: "In the name of our Lord and Saviour, be thou freed from all uncleanliness of thy leprosy." The unsightly ulcers vanish even while he speaks, and the man's skin becomes pure and bright as in the first days of childhood. The little band had to pause on its way, for crowds of people were induced by sight of this wonder to ask for baptism.

They are next found in Dorsetshire, where the archbishop seems to have laboured before. During the course of their preaching in that part of the country, the treatment they had experienced at Pont-de-Sai was more than once repeated. They were received with insults and abuse, the tails of ray-fish tied in mockery to their garments, filth and stones showered upon them, and their lives were even threatened with the sword. On one of these occasions their saintly master was permitted by Christ to enjoy something of the glory of Thabor, as a reward for his willingness to accompany his Saviour in the ignominy of Calvary.

Shaking the dust from their feet, he and his companions had retired in silence and meekness from the men who had so rudely cast them out. They went into a desert-place a few miles distant and there sought strength and comfort in prayer. Augustine was soon rapt in heavenly contemplation, forgot the things of earth, and was favoured by the appearance of Jesus, who spoke to His faithful one words full of tenderness and encouragement. When the heavenly vision came to an end, he returned to himself. "I see God," he said, "who will grant us His favour, and infuse into those furious men a better mind." And in truth, scarcely had he uttered the words, when a number of those, lately so troublesome, were seen approaching: they gave signs of the deepest regret, asked for the instruction they had before rejected, and told the Saint that they, along with many others, had been severely chastised by Heaven, after he had gone from their town. The zealous shepherd of souls, willing to give them all the consolation in his power, taught them the great truths that are of necessity, and thought fit also to baptize them. No spring, however, was at hand, and the mountain torrent's bed showed nothing except sand and moss-covered stones. But the same power that drew water from the hard rock to slake the thirst of the children of Israel in the desert, did not fail to exert itself at the prayer of Augustine. As at the baptism of St. Patrick, so now, a miraculous fountain burst from the ground, and the converts were washed in the laver of regeneration. A monastery was afterwards built there, at the place still known as Cerne-Abbas.

At length the people of Canterbury were gladdened by a sight of their venerable father, after an absence of many months. His return seems to have taken place in 604, in which year he consecrated Mellitus for the new see of London, and Justus to be first bishop of

Rochester, each in turn being translated to the archbishopric.

Were not our limits too narrow, it would be a grateful task to describe the progress of the sacred rite celebrated with the solemn chant of the brethren, during which each of these holy men knelt before their superior that he might bestow on them the priceless gift that he himself had gone so far to obtain—the fulness of the priesthood;—a gift which they were to hand on, a precious heirloom jealously guarded in the country for ages.

It may be that at the same time, "while in hale life," the Saxon chronicler says, "he ordained Lawrence bishop, that the Church of Christ, which was yet new in England, might not after his decease be at any time without an archbishop." He is the second and last bishop who appointed and consecrated his own successor, and the Venerable Bede remarks that in this "he imitated the example of the first pastor of the Church, that is of Peter most blessed prince of the Apostles, who, having founded the Church of Christ at Rome, is said to have hallowed Clement as his helper in preaching, and his successor to boot."

This is the last public act of St. Augustine which the holy monk of Jarrow chronicles. But there exists a record, disputed indeed by a number, that some months after this he built a church at Cratendune, near Ely, in honour of that Lady, the Mother of God, whom so many generations in the land were to call blessed, and whose sweet title and name, forbidden the lips and hearts of the people, endure still in the simple flowers of our gardens and hedge-rows; a token, let us hope, that her loving care is not yet withdrawn from forgetful England.

And now the day came when God, Who had "honoured him in labours and completed his labours,"

willed to fill up the measure of his merits. St. Bede has given us no picture of that closing scene. But the saint's death, no less than the sinner's, reflects his life, and so we may readily paint it for ourselves. With his spiritual children kneeling around him —the devout monks with whom for ten years he had vied in labouring for God, and the pious sovereigns, his joy and his crown—the dying Saint would address a few words of farewell to each, and give them his blessing for the last time. And then having purged away the stains of frailty that even he, the favoured one of God, could accuse himself of contracting, he would receive at the hands of the saintly Lawrence those consolations that in the first and the seventh, as she does in the twentieth century, the Church of Christ provided for her departing little ones—the anointing with oil, and the housel, the Sacred Body of the Lord Jesus. With the last glance of his failing eyes cast upon the picture he loved so well —the face of the Man-God outraged for us in His Passion—he passed to gaze upon that Face, not for a brief space or in clouded vision as in the wilderness at Cernel, but in all its beauty for evermore. It was on the 26th of May, and in the year 606, if we may accept a tradition of his monastery, that the feet which for ten years had shunned no weariness, while treading often unshod the arduous path of an apostle, were drawn up in death.

They bore his remains to a tomb near the unfinished monastery, where they reposed until the year 613, when at the consecration, they were removed into the north porch. Upon his tomb might be read the following inscription: "Here resteth the Lord Augustine, first Archbishop of Canterbury, who erewhile was sent hither by blessed Gregory, Bishop of the City of Rome, and being helped by God to work miracles, drew over King Ethelbert and his race from the worship of idols to

the faith of Christ. Having ended in peace the days of his ministry, he departed hence seven days before the Kalends of June [May 26th] in the reign of the same King." For a while the face of the land must have seemed changed, as the people felt that no more would his majestic figure—he was taller from the shoulders than other men—and his commanding presence that yet told of mildness and amiability, be seen among them. Yet his power with God was not lessened, and for many years those who asked for favours in his name, enjoyed the benefits of his intercession. None—from the poor widow whose only child had lost the use of her speech, to King Canute in deadly peril from a tempest at sea—were rejected. His relics were several times translated as occasion required. At one of these translations, when the tomb had been reverently opened in presence of the monks and of Bishop Gundulf, a sweet perfume arose from the sacred remains and filled the air. The body was solemnly moved, clad as it had been buried, in the vestments of his sacred dignity, the whole monastery keeping high festival, as for the Paschal celebration. Then crowds of poor sufferers blind and sick and lame, might be seen imploring relief at the hands of God's servant, and none departed unheard. The venerated bones had their final resting-place in a rich shrine in the interior of Christ Church, Canterbury, until evil days came for the many shrines and sanctuaries throughout the country.

In the year 747, at the Council of Cloveshoe, it was decreed that his name should be invoked in the litany after that of St. Gregory, and his feast be observed as a holiday. Their names had long been honoured together in a Mass said every Saturday at an altar in the monastic Church of SS. Peter and Paul. In the fourteenth century devotion to our Saint seems to have waned somewhat, for Pope Innocent VI., in 1356, renewed the

celebration of his festival as a holiday of obligation, making it a double. Finally, our own Pontiff, now happily reigning, by a brief of July 28, 1882, ordered it to be celebrated by the whole Church.

May his intercession and that of the Queen of Saints hasten the time when once more in every corner of the land the soft lamp shall glimmer in the Sacramental Presence of her dear Son; when she herself, with all God's saints, each in due degree, shall receive again from Catholic England the tribute of reverence owing to those "whom the King is desirous to honour;" when all English hearts shall glory as did our Saxon forefathers in whom the faith burnt brightly, in obeying the See to which St. Augustine was so devoted—that day when once again on our island there shall be but One Fold and One Shepherd!

ST. MARY MAGDALEN

and other Women of the New Testament.

I. ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

The Conversion of St. Mary Magdalen.—St. Luke vii.

And behold a woman, who was in the city, a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment; and standing behind at His feet, she began to wash His feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with the ointment. And the Pharisee who had invited Him, seeing it, spoke within himself, saying: This man, if He were a prophet, would know surely who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth Him, that she is a sinner. And Jesus answering, said to him: Simon, I have something to say to thee. But he said: Master, say it. A certain creditor had two debtors, the one owed five hundred pence, the other fifty. And whereas they had not wherewith to pay, he forgave them both. Which therefore of the two loved him most? Simon answering said: I suppose that he to whom he forgave most. And He said to him, Thou hast judged rightly. And turning to the woman: He said unto Simon: Dost thou see this woman? I entered into thy house, thou gavest Me no water for My feet; but she with tears hath washed My feet, and with her hair hath wiped them. Thou gavest Me no kiss; but she, since she came in, hath not ceased to kiss My feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but she

with ointment hath anointed My feet. Wherefore I say to thee: Many sins are forgiven her, because she has loved much. But to whom less is forgiven, he loveth less. And He said to her: Thy sins are forgiven thee. And they that sat at meat with Him began to say within themselves: Who is this that forgiveth sins also? And He said to the woman: Thy faith hath made thee safe, go in peace.

Mary Magdalen accompanies Jesus.—St. Luke viii.

And it came to pass afterwards that He travelled through the cities and towns, preaching and evangelizing the kingdom of God, and the twelve with Him. And certain women who had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities: Mary who is called Magdalen, out of whom seven devils were gone forth, and many others, ministered unto Him of their substance.

Jesus visits the house of Mary Magdalen.—St. Luke x.

Now it came to pass as they went, that He entered into a certain town, and a certain woman, named Martha, received Him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary, who sitting also at the Lord's feet, heard His word. But Martha was busy about much serving. Who stood and said: Lord, hast Thou no care that my sister hath left me alone to serve? Speak to her, therefore, that she help me. And the Lord answering, said to her: Martha, Martha, thou art careful, and art troubled about many things. But one thing is necessary. Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from her.

He visits her house again to raise Lazarus from the dead.
—St. John xi.

Now there was a certain man sick named Lazarus, of Bethania of the town of Mary and of Martha her sister. (And Mary was she that anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped His feet with her hair: whose brother Lazarus was sick.) His sister therefore sent to Him, saying: Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick. And

Jesus hearing it said to them: This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God: that the Son of God may be glorified by it. Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister Mary, and Lazarus. When he had heard therefore that he was sick, He still remained in the same place two days.

Then after that, He said to His disciples: Let us go into Judea again. The disciples say to Him: Rabbi, the Jews but now sought to stone Thee: and goest Thou thither again? Jesus answered: Are there not twelve hours of the day? If a man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of the world; but if he walk in the night, he stumbleth, because the light is not in him. These things He said; and after that He said to them: Lazarus our friend sleepeth; but I go that I may awake him out of sleep. His disciples therefore said: Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well. But Jesus spoke of his death; and they thought that He spoke of the repose of sleep. Then therefore Jesus said to them plainly: Lazarus is dead: and I am glad for your sakes, that I was not there, that you may believe: but let us go to him. Thomas therefore who is called Didymus, said to his fellow-disciples: Let us also go, that we may die with Him.

Jesus therefore came and found that he had been four days already in the grave. Now Bethania was near Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off, and many of the Jews were come to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother. Martha therefore, as soon as she heard that Jesus was come, went to meet Him: but Mary sat at home. Martha therefore said to Jesus: Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died, but now also I know that whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee. Jesus saith to her: Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith to Him: I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said to her: I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live; and every one that liveth, and believeth in Me, shall not die for ever. Believest thou this? She saith to Him: Yea, Lord, I have believed that Thou art Christ the Son of the

living God, who art come into this world. And when she had said these things, she went and called her sister Mary secretly, saying: The Master is come and calleth for thee. She, as soon as she heard this, riseth quickly and cometh to Him. For Jesus was not yet come into the town: but He was still in that place where Martha had met Him. The Jews therefore, who were with her in the house and comforted her, when they saw Mary, that she rose up speedily and went out, followed her, saying: She goeth to the grave to weep there.

When Mary therefore was come where Jesus was, seeing Him she fell down at His feet, and saith to Him: Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. Jesus therefore, when He saw her weeping, and the Jews that were come with her, weeping, groaned in spirit, and troubled Himself and said: Where have you laid him? They say to Him: Lord, come and see. And Jesus wept. The Jews therefore said: Behold how He loved him. But some of them said: Could not He that opened the eyes of the man born blind, have caused that this man should not die? Jesus therefore again groaning in Himself cometh to the sepulchre. Now it was a cave, and a stone was over it. Jesus saith: Take away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith to Him: Lord, by this time he stinketh, for he is now of four days. Jesus saith to her: Did not I say to thee, that if thou believe, thou shalt see the glory of God? They took therefore the stone away. And Jesus lifting up His eyes said: Father, I give thee thanks that Thou hast heard Me. And I knew that Thou hearest Me always, but because of the people who stand about have I said it, that they may believe that Thou hast sent Me. When He had said these things, He cried with a loud voice: Lazarus, come forth. And presently he that had been dead came forth, bound feet and hands with winding-bands; and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus said to them: Loose him and let him go.

Many therefore of the Jews who were come to Mary and Martha, and had seen the things that Jesus did, believed in Him. But some of them went to the Pharisees, and told them the things that Jesus had done.

The Last Visit to Bethany before the Passion.—St. Matt. xxvi.; St. John xii.

Jesus therefore, six days before the pasch, came to Bethania, where Lazarus had been dead, whom Jesus raised to life. And they made Him a supper there: and Martha served, but Lazarus was one of them that were at table with Him. Mary therefore took a pound of ointment of right spikenard, of great price, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her hair; and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment. Then one of His disciples, Judas Iscariot, he that was about to betray Him, said: Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? Now he said this, not because he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and having the purse, carried the things that were put therein. Jesus therefore said, Why do you trouble this woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon Me. For the poor you have always with you; but Me you have not always. For she in pouring this ointment upon My body, hath done it for My burial. Amen I say to you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done, shall be told for a memory of her.

At the Crucifixion and Resurrection.—St. Mark xv. and xvi.; St. John xix. and xx.

Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus, His mother and His mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas and Mary Magdalen. And Jesus, having cried out with a loud voice, gave up the ghost. And there were women looking on afar off, among whom was Mary Magdalen.

And when evening was come, Joseph of Arimathea, a noble counsellor, who was also himself looking for the kingdom of God, came and went in boldly to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. And Joseph, buying fine linen and taking Him down, wrapped Him up in the fine linen and laid Him in a sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock. And he rolled a stone to the door of the sepulchre. And Mary Magdalen beheld where He was laid.

And on the first day of the week, Mary Magdalen cometh early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre; and she saw the stone taken away from the sepulchre. She ran therefore and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and saith to them: They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid Him. Peter therefore went out, and that other disciple, and they came to the sepulchre. And they both ran together and the other disciple did out-run Peter and came first to the sepulchre. And when he stooped down, he saw the linen clothes lying; but yet he went not in. Then cometh Simon Peter, following him, and went into the sepulchre, and saw the linen clothes lying: and the napkin that had been about His head, not lying with the linen clothes, but apart, wrapt up into one place. Then that other disciple also went in, who came first to the sepulchre; and he saw and believed. For as yet they knew not the scripture, that He must rise again from the dead. The disciples therefore returned again to their home.

But Mary stood at the sepulchre without, weeping. Now as she was weeping, she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre: and she saw two angels in white, sitting, one at the head, and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had been laid. They say to her: Woman, why weepest thou? She saith to them: Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him. When she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and she knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith to her: Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, thinking that it was the gardener, saith to Him: Sir, if thou hast taken Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away. Jesus saith to her: Mary. She turning saith to Him: Rabboni (which is to say, Master). Jesus saith to her: Do not touch Me, for I am not yet ascended to My Father. But go to My brethren, and say to them: I ascend to My Father, and to your Father, to My God and your God. Mary Magdalen cometh and telleth the disciples: I have seen the Lord, and these things He said to me.

(Thus) He appeared first to Mary Magdalen, out of whom He had cast seven devils.

II. THE SAMARITAN WOMAN.—St. John iv.

Jesus cometh therefore to a city of Samaria, which is called Sichar, near the land which Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore being wearied with His journey, sat thus on the well. It was about the sixth hour. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water. Jesus saith to her: Give Me to drink. For the disciples were gone into the city to buy meats. Then that Samaritan woman saith to Him: How dost Thou, being a Jew, ask of me to drink, who am a Samaritan woman? For the Jews do not communicate with the Samaritans. Jesus answered and said to her: If thou didst know the gift of God, and Who is He that saith to thee, Give Me to drink; thou perhaps wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water. The woman saith to Him: Sir, Thou hast nothing to draw, and the well is deep: from whence hast Thou living water? Art Thou greater than our father Jacob, who gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children and his cattle? Jesus answered and said to her: Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but he that shall drink of the water that I will give him, shall not thirst for ever, but the water that I will give him shall become in him a fountain of water springing up into life everlasting. The woman saith to Him: Sir, give me this water, that I may not thirst, nor come hither to draw. Jesus saith to her: Go call thy husband, and come hither. The woman answered and said: I have no husband. Jesus said to her: Thou hast said well, I have no husband; for thou hast had five husbands, and he, whom thou hast now, is not thy husband. This thou hast said truly. The woman saith to Him: Sir, I perceive that Thou art a prophet. Our fathers adored on this mountain, and you say, that at Jerusalem is the place where men must adore. Jesus saith to her, Woman, believe Me that the hour cometh, when you shall neither on this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, adore the Father.

You adore that which you know not, we adore that which we know, for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true adorers shall adore the Father in spirit and in truth. For the Father also seeketh such to adore Him. God is a spirit, and they that adore Him, must adore Him in spirit and in truth. The woman saith to Him: I know that the Messias cometh (who is called Christ); therefore, when He is come, He will tell us all things. And immediately His disciples came, and they wondered that He talked with the woman. Yet no man said: What seekest Thou? or why talkest Thou with her? The woman therefore left her water-pot and went her way into the city, and saith to her men there: Come and see a man who has told me all things whatsoever I have done. Is not He the Christ? They went therefore out of the city, and came unto Him.

In the meantime the disciples prayed Him, saying: Rabbi, eat. But He said to them: I have meat to eat, which you know not. The disciples therefore said one to another: Hath any man brought Him to eat? Jesus saith to them: My meat is to do the Will of Him that sent Me, that I may perfect His work. Do not you say, there are yet four months, and the harvest cometh? Behold I say to you, lift up your eyes, and see the countries; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life everlasting; that both he that soweth, and he that reapeth may rejoice together. For in this is the saying true, that it is one man that soweth, and that it is another that reapeth. I have sent you to reap that in which you did not labour: others have laboured, and you have entered into their labours.

Now of that city many of the Samaritans believed in Him, for the word of the woman, giving testimony: He told me all things whatsoever I have done. So when the Samaritans were come to Him, they desired that He would tarry there. And He abode there two days. And many more believed in Him because of His own word. And they said to the woman: We now believe, not for thy saying, for we ourselves have heard Him, and know that this is indeed the Saviour of the world.

III. THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY.—St. John viii.

And Jesus went unto Mount Olivet, and early in the morning He came again into the Temple, and all the people came to Him, and sitting down He taught them. And the Scribes and Pharisees bring unto Him a woman taken in adultery, and they set her in the midst, and said to Him: Master, this woman was even now taken in adultery. Now Moses in the law commanded us to stone such a one: but what sayest Thou? And this they said tempting Him, that they might accuse Him. But Jesus bowing Himself down, wrote with His finger on the ground. When therefore they continued asking Him, He lifted up Himself, and said to them: He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And again stooping down, He wrote on the ground. But they hearing this went out one by one, beginning at the eldest. And Jesus alone remained, and the woman standing in the midst. Then Jesus lifting up Himself, said to her: Woman, where are they that accused thee? Hath no man condemned thee? Who said: No man, Lord. And Jesus said: Neither will I condemn thee. Go, and now sin no more.

IV. THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.—St. Matt. xv.

And Jesus retired into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, and behold a woman of Canaan, who came out of those coasts, crying out, said to Him: Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou son of David, my daughter is grievously troubled by a devil. Who answered her not a word. And His disciples came and besought Him, saying: Send her away, for she crieth after us. And He answering, said: I was not sent but to the sheep that are lost of the house of Israel. But she came and adored Him, saying: Lord, help me. Who answering said: It is not good to take the bread of the children, and to cast it to the dogs. But she said: Yea, Lord, for the whelps also eat of the crumbs that fall from the table of their masters. Then Jesus answering said to her: O woman, great is thy faith,

be it done to thee as thou wilt. And her daughter was cured from that hour.

V. THE WIDOW OF NAIM.—St. Luke vii.

And it came to pass afterwards, that Jesus went into a city called Naim, and there went with Him His disciples, and a great multitude. And when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold a dead man was carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and a great multitude of the city was with her. Whom when the Lord had seen, being moved with mercy towards her, He said to her: Weep not. And He came near and touched the bier and they that carried it stood still. And He said: Young man, I say to thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And He gave him to his mother. And there came a fear on them all, and they glorified God, saying: A great prophet is risen up among us, and God has visited His people. And this rumour of Him went forth through all Judea, and throughout all the country round about.

VI. THE WIDOW'S MITE.—St. Mark xii.

And Jesus, sitting over against the treasury (of the Temple) beheld how the people cast money into the treasury, and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she cast in two mites, which make a farthing. And calling His disciples together, He saith to them: Amen, I say to you, this poor widow hath cast in more than all they, who have cast into the treasury. For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want cast in all she had, even her whole living.

VII. JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.—St. Mark v.

There cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue named Jairus, and seeing Jesus, falleth down at His feet. And he besought Him much, saying: My daughter is at the point of death, come, lay Thy hand upon her, that she

may be safe and may live. And He went with him, and a great multitude followed Him, and they thronged Him.

And a woman, who was under an issue of blood twelve years, and had suffered many things from many physicians and had spent all that she had, and was nothing the better but rather worse, when she heard of Jesus, came in the crowd behind Him, and touched His garment. For she said: If I shall touch but His garment, I shall be whole. And forthwith the fountain of her blood was dried up, and she felt in her body that she was healed of the evil. And immediately Jesus, knowing in Himself the virtue that had proceeded from Him, turning to the multitude, said: Who hath touched My garment? And He looked about to see who had done this. But the woman fearing and trembling, knowing what was done in her, came and fell down before Him and told Him all the truth. And He said to her: Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole: go in peace, and be thou whole of thy disease.

While He was yet speaking, some came from the ruler of the synagogue's house saying: Thy daughter is dead; why dost thou trouble the Master any further? But Jesus, having heard the word that was spoken, saith to the ruler of the synagogue: Fear not, only believe. And He admitted not any man to follow Him, but Peter and James and John, the brother of James. And they came to the house of the ruler of the synagogue; and He seeth a tumult, and people weeping and wailing much. And going in, He saith to them: Why make you this a-do and weep? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed Him to scorn. But He, having put them all out, taketh the father and the mother of the damsel, and them that were with Him, and entereth in where the damsel was lying. And taking the damsel by the hand, saith to her: *Talitha cumi*, which is, being interpreted: Damsel (I say to thee) arise. And immediately the damsel rose up and walked: and she was twelve years old: and they were astonished with a great astonishment. And He charged them strictly that no man should know it, and commanded that something should be given her to eat.

VIII. THE WOMAN FROM THE CROWD.—St. Luke xi.

And it came to pass, as Jesus spoke these things, a certain woman from the crowd lifting up her voice said to Him: Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the paps that gave Thee suck. But He said: Yea, rather, blessed are those who hear the word of God, and keep it.

IX. THE MOTHER OF THE SONS OF ZEBEDEE.—St. Matt. xx.

Then came to Jesus the mother of the sons of Zebedee with her sons, adoring and asking something of Him. Who said to her: What wilt thou? She saith to Him: Say that these my two sons may sit, the one on Thy right hand, and the other on Thy left, in Thy kingdom. And Jesus answering, said: You know not what you ask. Can you drink the chalice that I shall drink? They say to Him: We can. He saith to them: My chalice indeed you shall drink: but to sit on My right or left hand, is not Mine to give to you, but to them for whom it is prepared by My Father. And the ten hearing it were moved with indignation against the two brethren. But Jesus called them to Him, and said: You know that the princes of the Gentiles lord it over them: and they that are greater, exercise power upon them. It shall not be so among you, but whosoever will be the greater among you, let him be your minister: and he that will be first among you, shall be your servant. Even as the Son of Man is not come to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a redemption for many.

X. ANANIAS AND SAPHIRA.—Acts v.

A certain man named Ananias with Saphira his wife, sold a piece of land, and by fraud kept back part of the price of the land, his wife being privy thereunto: and bringing a certain part of it, laid it at the feet of the Apostles. But Peter said: Ananias, why hath Satan tempted thy heart, that thou shouldst lie to the Holy Ghost, and by fraud keep part of the price of the land?

Whilst it remained, did it not remain to thee? and after it was sold, was it not in thy power? Why hast thou conceived this thing in thy heart? Thou hast not lied to man, but to God. And Ananias hearing these words, fell down and gave up the ghost. And there came great fear upon all that heard it. And the young men rising up, removed him, and carrying him out buried him. And it was about the space of three hours after, when his wife, not knowing what had happened, came in. And Peter said to her: Tell me, woman, whether you sold the land for so much. And she said: Yea, for so much. And Peter said unto her: Why have you agreed together to tempt the Spirit of God? Behold the feet of them who have buried thy husband are at the door, and they shall carry thee out. Immediately she fell down before his feet and gave up the ghost. And the young men coming in, found her dead: and carried her out, and buried her by her husband. And there came great fear upon the whole Church, and upon all that heard these things.

XI. TABITHA.—Acts ix.

In Joppe there was a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas. This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. And it came to pass in those days that she was sick and died. Whom when they had washed, they laid her in an upper chamber. And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppe, the disciples hearing that Peter was there, sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not be slack to come unto them. And Peter rising up went with them. And when he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood about him weeping, and showing him the coats and garments which Dorcas made them. And they all being put forth, Peter kneeling down prayed, and turning to the body he said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes, and seeing Peter, she sat up. And giving her his hand he lifted her up. And when he had called the saints and the widows, he presented her alive. And it was made known throughout all Joppe, and many believed in the Lord.

XII. LYDIA.—Acts xvi.

Then we came to Philippi, which is the chief city of part of Macedonia, a colony. And we were in this city some days conferring together. And upon the Sabbath-day, we went forth without the gate by a river side, where it seemed that there was prayer: and sitting down we spoke to the women that were assembled. And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple of the city of Thyatira, one that worshipped God, did hear: whose heart the Lord opened to attend to those things which were said by Paul. And when she was baptized and her household, she besought us, saying: If you have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there. And she constrained us.

And it came to pass as we went to prayer, a certain girl, having a pythonical* spirit, met us, who brought to her masters much gain by divining. This same following Paul and us, cried out, saying: These men are the servants of the most high God, who preach unto you the way of salvation. And this she did many days. But Paul being grieved, turned and said to the spirit: I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ, to go out from her. And he went out the same hour.

But her masters, seeing that the hope of their gain was gone, apprehending Paul and Silas, brought them into the market-place to the rulers. And presenting them to the magistrates, they said: These men disturb our city, being Jews, and preach a fashion which is not lawful for us to receive, nor observe, being Romans. And the people ran together against them: and the magistrates rending off their clothes commanded them to be beaten with rods. And when they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast them into prison, charging the gaoler to keep them diligently. Who having received such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

And at midnight Paul and Silas, praying, praised God. And they that were in prison heard them. And suddenly

* *Pythonical spirit:* that is a spirit pretending to divine and tell fortunes.

there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken. And immediately all the doors were opened, and the bands of all were loosed. And the keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the doors of the prison open, drawing his sword, would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled. But Paul cried out with a loud voice, saying: Do thyself no harm, for we are all here. Then calling for a light, he went in and trembling fell down at the feet of Paul and Silas. And bringing them out, he said: Masters, what must I do that I may be saved? But they said: Believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. And they preached the word of the Lord to him and to all that were in his house. And he, taking them the same hour of the night, washed their stripes, and himself was baptized, and his whole house immediately. And when he had brought them into his own house, he laid the table for them, and rejoiced with all the house, believing God.

And when the day was come the magistrates sent the serjeants, saying: Let those men go. And the keeper of the prison told these words to Paul: The magistrates have sent to let you go: now therefore depart and go in peace. But Paul said to them: They have beaten us publicly, uncondemned, men that are Romans, and have cast us into prison: and now do they thrust us out privately? Not so, but let them come and let us out themselves. And the serjeants told these words to the magistrates. And they were afraid, hearing that they were Romans. And coming they besought them: and bringing them out, they desired them to depart out of the city. And they went out of the prison, and entered into the house of Lydia: and having seen the brethren, they comforted them and departed.

XIII. THE EPISTLE OF ST. JOHN TO THE LADY ELECTA.—St. John ii.

The ancient* to the Lady Elect,† and her children, whom I love in the truth, and not I only, but also all they that have known the truth, for the sake of the truth that dwelleth in us, and shall be with us for ever. Grace be with you, mercy, and peace from God the Father, and from Christ Jesus the Son of the Father, in truth and charity. I was exceeding glad that I found of thy children walking in truth, as we have received a commandment from the Father. And now I beseech thee, lady, not as writing a new commandment to thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another. And this is charity, that we walk according to His commandments. For this is the commandment, that as you have heard from the beginning, you should walk in the same: for many seducers are gone out into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh: this is a seducer and an antichrist. Look to yourselves that you lose not the things which you have wrought: but that you may receive a full reward. Whosoever revolteth and continueth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that continueth in the doctrine, the same hath both the Father and the Son. If any man come to you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into the house, nor say to him, God speed you.‡ For he that saith unto him, God speed you, communicateth with his wicked works. Having more things to write unto you, I would not by paper and ink: for I hope that I shall be with you, and speak face to face: that your joy may be full.

* *The ancient*, that is the ancient bishop St. John, being the only one of the twelve Apostles then living.

† *The Lady Elect.* The general opinion is that this is the proper name of a lady, so eminent for her piety and great charity as to merit this Epistle from St. John.

‡ *Nor say to him, God speed you.* This is a warning to the faithful of the dangers which may arise from familiarity with those who teach false doctrine. But it does not forbid that charity for all men by which we ought to wish and pray for the eternal salvation of all.

NOTE.—Lives of Our Blessed Lady, St. Elizabeth, and Anna the Prophetess are to be found in the "Scriptural Life of the Blessed Virgin," published by the Catholic Truth Society: 1*d.*

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THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Guide thou my pen, O Mother best and dearest!
For how can sinner write on theme so high?
Inspire my heart with visions brightest, clearest;
For nothing will be hard if thou art nigh.

Speak to my soul, and tell the wondrous story
How God for ever marked thee as His own,
Fair vessel that should hold such floods of glory!
Yea, hold Himself, the great Eternal One!

And pure He destined thee, and pure preserved thee,
In soul and body, bright, immaculate;
From the dread curse original reserved,
One pearl amid a world so desolate.

Bravely, O Mother, hath thy heart responded;
Well hast thou treasured every loving grace;
Never for one brief hour, hast thou desponded
Or shrunk from the stern duties of thy place.

From first to last, in holy trust believing
Things that were far beyond all human lore,
From first to last, yet higher gifts receiving
And offering up to God the fruit they bore.

Thy heart is one vast field for meditation!
Mother, I write no more, I can but pray,
And raise my heart in grateful adoration
To Him who worketh in a wondrous way!

And O! when they, who look on thee so coldly,
Ponder in earnest on our holy creed,
Can they be angered if we say so boldly,
Christ's chosen Mother must be pure indeed?

Spotless and stainless, e'en from the beginning,
Must be the dwelling of the Incarnate Word;
Nor shall the Evil One exult in winning
One place within the temple of the Lord.

Mother, look down, in holiest compassion,
On those who will not see how dear thou art!
Drive far from them the clouds of pride and passion,
And join us all within thy loving heart.

LADY CATHERINE PETRE.

CHRIST'S BROTHER.

A HALF-STARVED child with scarce a shred of clothing,
From whom you'd turn away
With shoulder-shrug and something near to loathing
If he should cross your way.

Or, it may be, some sudden sense of pity
Would touch your heart, to see
That in the midst of the gay, golden city
So sad a sight could be.

To-day, in furs and wraps and soft-springed carriage,
I saw the world roll by
That eats and drinks and laughs and gives in marriage,
And thinks it shall not die.

Nothing it heeds but its own pride and fashion,
Nor stops to pour the oil
Of mercy with the hand of sweet compassion
O'er lives of pain and toil.

And while it rolled along I saw beside me
A child whose pinched wan face,
Grown wistful as it nearer drew and eyed me,
Bore suff'ring's perfect trace.

Its cheeks were white, its tiny feet were bleeding,
Its form was thin and bare;
—And the great world swept onward, all unheeding
The child that watched it there.

And then amidst the sights of Piccadilly,
I thought the child became
An angel, bearing in his hands a lily,
And crowned with ambient flame.

His rags gave place to robes of wondrous splendour,
His face was glorified,
And One Whose eyes were full of love most tender
Was standing at his side!

O world, sweep on! Be happy in thy spending,
Live for thy little day;
Nor pause to think that in thy pleasure's ending
Thou shalt be swept away.

Thou knowest not that this poor child of sorrow
Whose limbs are cold and bare,
Shall be, when Now is changed into To-morrow,
Christ's Brother and God's Heir!

J. S. Fletcher.

—‡—

SAINT HUBERT'S LAST HUNT.

High and clear, on the evening air,
Soundeth a silver horn;
Far in the shade of grassy glade,
The dulcet strains are borne:

As, parting the bushwood left and right,
From the depths of a thicket near,
There leaps to the light a fair young knight
Tracking a milk-white deer.

From early morn with his hound and horn,
And his hand on his trusty bow,
Over smiling mead, over marsh forlorn
He hath followed that shape of snow.
An hour agone, his faithful roan
Beneath him, breathless, rolled:
And, sudden, prone, like a dog of stone,
His hound lay dead and cold.

But up and on!—lest the game be gone,
Fleet-foot o'er slough and scar,
The huntsman lone, thro' a path unknown,
Is lured by that shooting star;
Now there, now here, now far, now near;
The dart may miss its aim,
But onward still, with a sturdy will,
Sir Hubert tracks his game.

At last (good luck!) in this sunny nook
The weary chase is done:
The stag draws breath at a crystal brook,
The prize is surely won!
The graceful creature stoops its head
To the waters cool and bright,
In that sparkling mirror, 'void of dread,
Viewing its image white.

Now bend thy bow, Sir Hubert, low,
And fix thy fatal dart,
With ruthless fingers, sure and slow,
Aim at yon 'fenceless heart.
Thou canst not fail. Nay, what can ail
The stag? Great heav'n! it turns—
Between its antlers, pure and pale,
A cross mysterious burns!

A cross of gold, whereon, behold!
The bleeding Christ is hung!
The hunter bold on the mossy mould
Hath bow and bugle flung;
And deadly white with a sore affright,
He glares at the Crucified:—
The deep wounds glow, the blood drops flow,
The sad eyes open wide!

Yea, open wide, all dim with death,
To pierce Sir Hubert's soul:
The heart is cleft in the mangled breast,
And the red drops downward roll!
"He bleeds! He dies!"—(the young knight cries,
Writhing in agony;)
"O Lord! O Love! O Lamb Divine!
My sins have slaughtered thee!

"Draw near, draw near, thou mystic deer,
Bearing thy burden sweet;
Bend to my lips thine antler-tips,
That I may kiss His feet.
Shed from those wounds a shower of blood
To cleanse my soul defiled:
O Fair! O Good! lean from Thy rood,
And bless Thy guilty child!"

Glowing with love's supreme desire,
Sir Hubert lifts his head:
Burns on his brow the sunset's fire,
He kneels with arms outspread.
He kneels, he turns, he starts dismayed,
—He finds himself alone!
For lo! the milk-white stag hath fled,
The bleeding Christ is gone!

But clear and high from the rosy sky,
Seraphic voices ring,
"Thrice happy Hubert! thou art nigh
The footstool of the King!

In this lone place, O child of grace!
Henceforth in penance bide;
Forsake the court, forego the chase,
And follow the Crucified!"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

From the Ave Maria.

A CRADLE SONG.

HUSH, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing:
Lovely Infant, how He smiled!
When He wept, the Mother's blessing
Soothed and hush'd the Holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed;
—Peace, my darling! here's no danger!
Here's no ox a-near thy bed!

—May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days:
Then go dwell for ever near Him;
See His Face, and sing His praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER.

"WHAT is good for a bootless bene?"
With these dark words begins my tale:
And their meaning is, "Whence can comfort spring,
When prayer is of no avail?"

"What is good for a bootless bene?"
The falconer to the lady said;
And she made answer, "Endless sorrow!"
For she knew that her son was dead.

She knew it by the falconer's words,
And from the look of the falconer's eye;
And from the love that was in her soul
For her youthful Romilly.

Young Romilly through Barden woods
Is ranging high and low;
And holds a greyhound in a leash,
To let slip on buck and doe.

And the pair have reached that fearful chasm,
How tempting to bestride!
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called the "Strid,"
A name which it took of yore:
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across the "Strid"?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he
That the river was strong, and the rocks were steep?—
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
And long, unspeaking sorrow:
Wharf shall be, to pitying hearts,
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of death,—
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day
Which was to be to-morrow;
Her hope was a farther-looking hope,
And hers a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately priory."

The stately priory was reared,
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at even-song.

And the lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief:
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.

O there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our friend!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPING.

SLEEPING in the crimson sunset,
While the evening shadows fall;
Only one more work is ended,
That is all!

Sleeping while the daylight dieth,
And the night-winds murmur low,
And the quiet brown-clad figures
Come and go.

Sleeping calmly in the twilight
While the shadows deeper fall;
Only one more place is vacant,
That is all!

Sleeping while the silver moonlight
Softly falls on sea and shore;
He is sleeping, to awaken
Never more!

Never more will our "to-morrow"
Dawn upon his aching sight;
He has passed from this world's darkness
To the light!

To the light eternal, golden,
To the everlasting day,
Where all sadness and all shadows
Flee away!

And that long, long watch is over,
And the weary feet at rest,
And the tired hands are folded
On his breast!

All his pain and suffering ended,
He has heard the Master's call;
And he is not dead, but sleeping,
After all!

M. N.

From the Ave Maria.

—*—

SUN, MOON, AND STARS.

Sun, moon, and stars that, day and night,
At God's commandment give us light,
And when we wake, and when we sleep,
Watch o'er us like the angels keep—

The bright blue sky above our head,
The soft green earth on which we tread,
The ocean rolling round the land—
Were made by God's almighty hand.

Fresh flowers that hill and vale adorn,
Fair fruit-trees, fields of grass and corn,
The clouds that rise, the dews that fall,
The winds that blow,—God made them all.

The beasts that graze with downward eye,
The birds that perch, and sing, and fly,
The fishes swimming in the sea,—
God's creatures are as well as we.

But us He made for higher things,
As servants of the King of Kings,
With claspèd hands, uplifted face,
And thankful hearts to meet His grace.

Thus God loved man, and more than thus;
He sent His Son to live with us,
And now invites us when we die,
To come and live with Him on high.

But we must live to Him below—
For none but such to heaven can go.
Lord Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
And lead the little children there!

THE CHILD AND THE SNAKE.

Henry was every morning fed
With a full mess of milk and bread.
One day the boy his breakfast took,
And ate it by a purling brook.
His mother lets him have his way.
With free leave Henry every day
Thither repairs, until she heard
Him talking of a fine *gay bird.*
This pretty bird, he said, indeed,
Came every day with him to feed;
And it loved him and loved his milk,
And it was smooth and soft like silk.

On the next morn she follows Harry,
And carefully she sees him carry
Through the long grass his heap'd-up mess.
What was her terror and distress
When she saw the infant take
His bread and milk close to a snake!
Upon the grass he spreads his feast,
And sits down by his frightful guest,
Who had waited for the treat;
And now they both began to eat.

Fond mother! shriek not, O beware!
The least small noise, O have a care!
The least small noise that may be made
The wily snake will be afraid—
If he hear the slightest sound,
He will inflict th' envenom'd wound.

She speaks not, moves not, scarce does breathe
As she stands the trees beneath.
No sound she utters; and she soon
Sees the child lift up his spoon,
And tap the snake upon the head,
Fearless of harm; and then he said,
As speaking to familiar mate,
"Keep on your own side, do, Gray Pate;"
The snake then to the other side,
As one rebukèd, seems to glide;
And now again advancing nigh,
Again she hears the infant cry,
Tapping the snake, "Keep further, do;
Mind, Gray Pate, what I say to you."

The danger's o'er! she sees the boy
(O what a change from fear to joy!)
Rise and bid the snake "Good-bye;"
Says he, "Our breakfast's done, and I
Will come again to-morrow day;"
—Then, lightly tripping, ran away.

MARY LAMB.

"BE NOT SOLICITOUS."

(St. Matthew vi. 31.)

Why are you watching the clouded future?
Why do you look to the onward days?
Why on the veils of that guarded vision
Rests your anxious and troubled gaze?

Why do you say that departed sorrows
Seem the pledges of coming grief?
Know you not that for every anguish
God has soothing and long relief?

Every morning the sunshine tells us
Light of the heart will dawn once more;
Every night an illumined finger
Shows the portals where night is o'er.

Every day may be overladen,
Weighted with cares, and crushed with pain;
Every evening that burden falleth,
Never to rest on our path again.

Never again. The unfailing sunset
Sends the balm of an angel's breath
Over the tremulous, fitful throbbings
Ringing the knell of the hours' swift death.

But ringing, too, like the bells of heaven.
The grand entombment of all that lay
Heavily, sadly, hotly, over
The spirit life of the vanished day.

O! think you not that through many shadows
In the dim paths that lead afar,
Grace with her strong soft hand will lead you,
Hope will show you her joyous star.

All you have lost is fast returning,
Heaven has treasured it well, no fear;
Love and beauty, and joy and sunshine
Every day is bringing it near.

So, with your eyes on the day-god resting,
Patience-protected, you travel on,
Till the last day's labour and sorrow ended,
The morning breaks, and the night is gone.

M. G. R.

—*—

THE OLIVE-TREE.

Said an ancient hermit, bending
Half in prayer upon his knee,
"Oil I need for midnight watching,
I desire an olive-tree."

Then he took a tender sapling,
Planted it before his cave,
Spread his trembling hands above it,
As his benison he gave.

But he thought, the rain it needeth,
That the root may drink and swell
"God! I pray Thee send Thy showers!"
So a gentle shower fell.

"Lord! I ask for beams of summer,
Cherishing this little child."
Then the dripping clouds divided,
And the sun looked down and smiled

"Send it frost to brace its tissues,
O my God!" the hermit cried
Then the plant was bright and hoary,
But at evensong it died.

Went the hermit to a brother
  Sitting in his rocky cell:
"Thou an olive-tree possessest;
  How is this, my brother, tell?

"I have planted one, and prayèd,
  Now for the sunshine, now for rain;
God hath granted each petition,
  Yet my olive-tree hath slain!"

Said the other, "I entrusted
  To its God my little tree;
He Who made knew what it needed
  Better than a man like me.

"Laid I on Him no condition,
  Fixed not ways and means; so I
Wonder not my olive thriveth,
  Whilst thy olive-tree did die."

S. Baring-Gould.

—*—

SISTER MARY OF THE LOVE OF GOD.

This is the convent where they tend the sick,
  Comfort the dying, make the ailing strong;
Covered, you see, with ivy, very thick;
  Haunt of the birds, alive, with bloom and song.

The happy sick are smiling in their beds,
  The happy sisters flitting to and fro;
Ah, blessings on the wise and gentle heads
  That planted this place a hundred years ago!

To build the walls a woman crossed the sea,
  Travelled with tender feet a weary road.
I'll tell you now the little history
  Of Sister Mary of the Love of God.

A lovely maiden of a high estate,
She danced away her days in careless glee;
A bird beside her window came and sate,
And piped and sang, "*The Lord has need of thee!*"

Deep in the night, when everything was still,
The restless dance, the music's merry clang,
That bird would perch upon the window sill:
"*The Lord hath need of thee,*" it piped and sang.

She rose and fled her chamber in affright,
And roused with eager call the minstrel gray:
"The birds are singing strange things in the night;
Tune me, O minstrel, something blythe and gay!"

The minstrel struck his harp with ready power;
The laughing echoes wakened merrily:
The lady turned as white as lily-flower—
The music trilled, "*The Lord has need of thee!*"

Her guests came round her, and her ball-room blazed,
While lively footsteps on the floor did beat:
The lady led the dance with looks amazed—
"*The Lord doth need thee!*" said the dancers' feet.

The feast was spread, and flowed the rarest wine
In golden goblets clinking round the board:
The flashing cups from hand to hand did shine,
And rang and chimed, "*Go give thee to the Lord!*"

Within her chamber long the lady sate,
Then raised her downcast face, all pale and sweet:
"There is a beggar lying at the gate—
Go, bring him in, that I may wash his feet."

They looked upon her robes of satin sheen,
They looked upon her eyes so strange and glad;
They whispered, "She is not as she hath been;"
Her damsels wept, "Our lady hath gone mad!"

But in the night she stole away alone.
Then sang the minstrels many a mournful rhyme,
Till some forgot her as one never known,
And others said, "She hath some heavy crime."

Ah me, it is a hundred years ago!—
This ivy on the walls is thick you see;
The world would laugh if I should tell it so
Of Sister Mary's little history.

Another dances in her shoes to-day;
One wears that gem of hers, another this;
But she is happy and the poor are gay,
The sick are smiling and the dead in bliss!

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

—*—

AVE MARIS STELLA.

STAR on the wide and pathless sea,
Who lov'st on mariners to shine,
These votive garments wet, to thee
We hang within thy holy shrine.
When o'er us flashed the surging brine,
Amid the warring waters tossed,
From earthly aid we turned to thine,
And hoped, when other hope was lost.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main,
When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain waves o'er ocean's plain
Erect their stormy heads on high;
When matrons by the hearthstone sigh,
They raise their weeping eyes to thee;—
The Star of Ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep and stormy sea,
When wreaking tempests round us rave
Thy gentle virgin form we see,
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave;
The howling storms that seem to crave
Their victims, sink in music sweet;
The surging seas recede, to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the Deep! at that blest name
The waves sleep silent round the keel.
The tempests wild their fury tame,
That made the deep foundations reel;
The soft celestial accents steal
So soothing through the realms of woe,
That suffering souls a respite feel
From torture in the depths below.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the mild and placid seas,
Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,
And all that to the depths go down,
With hymns of grateful transport own;
When gathering clouds obscure their light,
And heaven assumes an awful frown,
The Star of Ocean glitters bright.
Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the Deep! when angel lyres
To hymn thy holy name essay,
In vain a mortal harp aspires
To mingle in the mighty lay!
Mother of Christ! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosom fires;—
When storms and tempests pass away,
Take us to join immortal choirs.
Ave Maris Stella!

From the Portuguese. Translator unknown.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

A TENDER child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stairs timidly.
"O mother! take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

—⁂—

THE SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAU.

TINTADGEL bells ring o'er the tide,
The boy leans on his vessel's side;
He hears the sound, and dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Thus saith that pealing chime,
Youth, manhood, old age past,
"Come to thy God at last."

But why are Bottreau's echoes still?
Her tower stands proudly on the hill;
Yet the strange chough that home hath found:
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Should be her answering chime:
"Come to thy God at last!"
Should echo on the blast.

The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea:
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,
The merry Bottreau bells on board.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Rung out Tintadgel chime;
Youth, manhood, old age past,
"Come to thy God at last!"

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells;
"Thank God," with reverent brow he cried,
"We make the shore with evening's tide,"
"Come to thy God in time,"
It was his marriage chime:
Youth, manhood, old age past,
His bell must ring at last.

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
But thank, at sea, the steersman's hand,"
The captain's voice above the gale:
"Thank the good ship with ready sail."
"Come to thy God in time!"
Sad grew the boding chime:
"Come to thy God at last!"
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Uprose the sea, as if it heard
The mighty Master's signal word:
What thrills the captain's whitening lip?
The death-groans of his sinking ship.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Swung deep the funeral chime:
Grace, mercy, kindness past,
"Come to thy God at last!"

Long did the rescued pilot tell—
When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell,
While those around would hear and weep—
That fearful judgment of the deep.

"Come to thy God in time!"
He read his native chime;
Youth, manhood, old age past,
His bell rang out at last.

Still when the storm of Bottreau's waves,
Is wakening in his weedy caves:
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide:
"Come to thy God in time!"
Thus saith the ocean chime:
Storm, billows, whirlwind past,
"Come to thy God at last!"

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

DAYS OF YORE.

THE motto, crest, and coat of arms,
The battle, shield, and pennon gay,
Tell of a time when "might was right,"
And feudal laws bore lordly sway.

But there is something nobler far,
To rich and poor alike the same,
Their coat of arms—a loyal heart,
Their motto fair—an honest name.

The head to plan, the hand to act,
The steadfast will to do what's right,
Sheds higher lustre on a man,
Than belted sword of Norman knight.

But we can fight like men of yore,
And boldly battle in the strife,
Aye, fight like them, but not for earth,
Fight bravely for a crown of life.

A. C.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side, on the grass:
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by;
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow—
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,—
And the smile she softly useth
Fills the silence like a speech;
While she thinks what shall be done,—
And the sweetest pleasure chooseth,
For her future within reach!

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth . . . "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile;
And to *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath,—
And the lute he plays upon,
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed, it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,

And the mane shall swim the wind!
And the hoofs along the sod,
Shall flash onward in a pleasure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face!
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in;
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

"Then, ay, then—he shall kneel low,—
With the red-roan steed anear him
Which shall seem to understand—
Till I answer, 'Rise, and go!'
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say—
Nathless, maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter and dissemble—
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

"Then he will ride through the hills,
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong!
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet—
'Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time, I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,—
And the second time, a glove!
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—'Pardon—
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee!
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master,—
But, O love, I love but *thee!*"

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover,
Through the crowds that praise his deeds!
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily,—
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe—
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the *two.*

Pushing through the elm-tree copse
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops!
Lo! the wild swan had deserted—
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow!
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could show him never—never!
That swan's nest among the reeds!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELIHU.

"O SAILOR, tell me, tell me true,
Is my little lad—my Elihu—
A sailing in your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dimmed with dew.
"Your little lad? Your Elihu?"
He said with trembling lip;
"What little lad—what ship?"

What little lad?—as if there could be
Another such a one as he!
"What little lad, do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee.
It was just the other day
The *Grey Swan* sailed away."

The other day? The sailor's eyes
Stood wide open with surprise.
"The other day?—the *Swan?*"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir; here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the *Swan*." "And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand
For a month, and never stir?"
"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her—
A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know,
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the *Grey Swan's* deck,

And to that lad I saw you throw—
Taking it off, as it might be so—
The kerchief from your neck;
Ay, and he'll bring it back.

"And did the little lawless lad,
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the *Grey Swan's* crew?"
"Lawless! the man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had;
Be sure, he sailed with the crew—
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive?"
"Hold—if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine;
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man! what would you have?"

"Gone twenty years! a long, long cruise;
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you you can
Forgive him?" "Miserable man!
You're mad as the sea; you rave—
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild:
"My God!—my Father!—is it true?
My little lad—my Elihu?
And is it—is it—is it you?
My blessed boy—my child—
My dead—my living child!"

ALICE CARY.

ST. MICHAEL THE WEIGHER

Stood the tall Archangel weighing
All man's dreaming, doing, saying,
All the failure and the pain,
All the triumph and the gain,
In the unimagined years,
Full of hopes, more full of tears,
Since old Adam's conscious eyes
Backwards searched for Paradise,
And, instead, the flame-blade saw
Of inexorable law.

In a dream I marked him there,
With his fire-gold, flickering hair,
In his blinding armour stand,
And the scales were in his hand:
Mighty were they, and full well
They could poise both heaven and hell.
"Angel," asked I humbly then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men?
That thine office is, I know."
"Nay," he answered me, "not so;
But I weigh the hope of man
Since the power of choice began
In the world of good or ill."
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race,
Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast,
Gems, the wonder of the East,
Kublai's sceptre, Cæsar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science, vain
To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast, few,

Martyr-ash, arena sand,
Of St. Francis' cord a strand,
Beechen cups of men whose need
Fasted that the poor might feed,
Disillusions and despairs
Of young saints with grief-greyed hairs,
Broken hearts that brake for man.

Marvel through my pulses ran
Seeing then the beam divine
Swiftly on his hand decline,
While earth's splendour and renown
Mounted light as thistle-down.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

'NEATH the rocky cliffs, of a rapid stream,
Where the waters lash the shore,
There lived a ferryman, brave and bold,
In the goodly days of yore.

By night and day, o'er the river's flood,
Though the winter wind might roar,
Good Christopher crossed, in his sturdy boat,
To the rocky farther shore.

Of a giant frame was this rower bold,
Of a giant's race he came;
But his heart was great, and his kindly deeds
Spread through the land his fame.

Though his brow was dark and his eyes were keen,
'Twas forgotten when he smiled;
And his whole face beamed with a tender love,
When he bore in his arms a child.

On a dark and stormy winter night,
When the ferryman sat alone,
'Mid the roar of winds and the dash of waves,
(For the stream to a flood had grown)—

Clear and shrill above all the sounds without,
Came the faint cry of a child—
The boatman paused but to hear, and then
Forth strode in the tempest wild.

By the lightning's flash then he saw a child,
And his face was wondrous fair;
And o'er his brow, like threads of gold,
Fell his curling, sunny hair.

"I must cross, good Christopher," spake he then,
"Though the night be dark and drear,
For they wait for me on the farther side,
And with you I feel no fear."

"But my boat has drifted across the waves,
And the stream is deep and wide."
"Then in your arms you must bear me o'er—
Safe o'er to the farther side."

So the boatman sprang in the rushing tide—
On his breast the child he bore—
And the mighty strokes of his strong right arm
Soon carried them far from the shore.

But before he came to the other side,
When his strokes had feebler grown,
He felt that the child upon his breast,
Like a dead weight pressed him down.

Then the surging waters came o'er his head,
But his brave heart did not fail,
Though his laboured breath came quick and fast,
And his rugged brow was pale.

When lo! a light, as of noonday's sun,
Shone o'er the waters wild—
Right soon he gained the rocky shore,
And safely clasped the child.

But the brave man feared, for that wondrous light
Seemed to come from the Child so fair;
And he knew 'twas the Christ-Child on his breast,
With halo round Him there.

"Thou art blessed," He said, "St. Christopher,"
As the ferryman bent his knee,
"For what thou hast done to the least of Mine
Thou hast done it unto Me."

M. L. B.

From the Ave Maria.

GUILD'S SIGNAL.

[William Guild was engineer of the train which plunged into Meadow Brook, on the line of the Stonington and Providence Railroad. It was his custom, as often as he passed his home, to whistle an "All's well" to his wife. He was found, after the disaster, dead, with his hand on the throttle-valve of his engine.]

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and thence
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped!

As a husband's greeting scant, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
  Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love song, or midnight roundelay,
Said what that whistle seemed to say:
    "To my trust true,
    So love to you!
Working or waiting, good night!" it said.

Brisk young bagman, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
  Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence:
    "Nothing amiss—
    Nothing!—it is
  Only Guild calling his wife," they said.

Summer and winter the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,
  Pierced through the budding boughs o'erhead:
Flew down the track when the red leaves burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned;
    Sang as it flew:
    "To our trust true,
  First of all, duty. Good night!" it said.

And then one night it was heard no more
From Stonington over Rhode Island shore,
  And the folk in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds, "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."
    One only knew,
    To his trust true,
  Guild lay under his engine, dead.

BRET HARTE.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts: but O th' exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve His foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

Edmund Spenser.

THE ABUSE OF INDULGENCES

AND

THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE ABOUT THEM.

"ROMISH abuses!" said the Doctor; "every schoolboy knows what they are." We were talking about religion, you must understand, on the deck of a ship, on a glorious afternoon at sea,

"Well," said I, "give us three to begin with."

"Why," said he, without a moment's hesitation, "they put the Virgin Mary in place of God, and they pay for the forgivness of their sins in Confession, and then there's the monstrous system of Indulgences."

"Now," I replied, "I am a Catholic, and have been all my life. Therefore I tell you to start with that the first two of these charges are simply lies, as every Catholic schoolboy could tell you. As for the third, I should be glad to know what you think an Indulgence is?"

"Everybody knows that," said he, contemptuously. "Wasn't it by his noble protest against Indulgences that Luther began the glorious Reformation?"

"What is an Indulgence, then?" I insisted.

"Well, it's a paper pardoning your sins," he said, "which the Pope's agents sold to raise funds for the Church."

"I always heard," said a Scotch Presbyterian who was standing by, "that it was a license to commit sins without going to Confession."

There was a Ritualist parson, in a Roman collar, who was leaning against the mast, and he smiled in a superior way, and corrected them both. "Not quite that," he said, "though it is bad enough. An Indulgence, of course, is a pardon by which the Pope professes to take people out of Purgatory; and he is so business-like about it, that he sometimes takes a hundred days off their time in Purgatory, and sometimes a few years, according to his fancy."

"That will be according to the price," sneered the Scotchman.

"Now," said I, "here are three educated men who profess to know something of religion. They abuse the oldest and grandest of the Christian Churches, and accuse her of a monstrous error, called an Indulgence. And when they are asked, not one of them has the least idea of what an Indulgence is. I do not wish to be rude," I added, "but I am bound to ask you, do you think this would be honest, even in worldly affairs,—not to speak of the Gospel of God?"

"That's all very fine," said the Doctor, "but I suppose Luther knew."

"He knew and said," I answered, "even after he became a Reformer, a great many things which, if you took the trouble to read his scurrilous volumes, would condemn you as utterly as you condemn the Church of Rome. Would you be surprised to hear that he himself anathematized all who spoke against Indulgences?"

"I should," said he.

"Then go," said I, "when you arrive in London, to the nearest library, and turn up 'Instructions on some Articles' in his collected works, and you will find it there: and by way of correcting your absurd mis-statements as to what an Indulgence is, you can turn at the same time to his 'Disputatio pro declaratione virtutis indulgentiarum' (prop. 71), where you will find him stating quite correctly (though it was long after he revolted from the Church), that 'it is sufficient for people in general to know about Indulgences that an Indulgence is the remission of satisfaction for sin.'"

"That is what I said," interrupted the Doctor, "a pardon for sin."

"Nay," said the Ritualist, "but it is exactly what I said, taking souls out of Purgatory."

"I am obliged to tell you that it's neither one nor the other, and yet it is plain enough for any one who knows what sin is to understand."

"Oh, this is some Jesuitical juggle," said the Scotchman. "We all know they used to give people leave to commit sin."

"You may call us names, if you like," said I, "but let me tell you that the Catholic Church has always held what is surely obvious enough, that not even the omnipotent God could give me leave to commit a future sin. No Catholic bishop or priest since Christianity began, ever pretended to have so absurd a power: but if in insanity or wickedness they were to do so, it would merely prove that they had so far ceased to be Catholics themselves."

"Then," said they, "you admit at least that it is a pardon for past sins."

"If you really want to know," I replied, "I will tell you what it is; and when I have told you, I hope you will be honest enough not to repeat these foolish calumnies again.

"Sin, as every Christian believes, is a deliberate offence against the law and majesty of the good God—and as His goodness and authority are infinite, so every grave sin is, in its nature, an evil inconceivably great, and merits a corresponding punishment; which is the same as saying that it entails the eternal loss or moral death of the soul."

"I do not object to that," said the Presbyterian.

"But besides that insult to God, every sin is by its nature an evil act which entails naturally evil consequences, so that there is (apart from the loss of the soul) a temporal punishment in store for the sinner, which he must pay, by suffering or somehow, as surely and as naturally as a Sunday's headache follows a Saturday's drinking. This temporal penalty in God's providence is the way in which evil wipes itself out. It may be paid in this life by suffering—it may be paid after death by the trials of that other life, which the Church calls Purgatory, the state in which our frailties and failings are purged away—or it may be paid by cancelling evil with good.

"For we Catholics—and most Christians, I suppose, of all creeds—also hold that good works done in the Christian service of God and our fellow-creatures, may be offered up to God in *satisfaction* for these temporal penalties of our past sins; and that, in His mercy, He is

pleased to cancel the debt in that way—to what extent, of course, *we* cannot tell, and that we leave with all humility to His infinite wisdom and mercy and love. Further, we believe that as all fellow-Christians, being members one of another in the body of Christ, are bound together in 'the communion of saints,' therefore the good works of one may be applied as satisfaction for his neighbour's default: and that, above all else, the good works of 'theElder Brother of us all'—of Christ, in whom we each and all are members, may be in mercy applied as satisfaction for the debts of each of us. Finally, we hold that when Christ with His own lips solemnly conferred on the Pope 'the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven' and the power 'to bind and loose,' He thereby gave to Peter and to his successors for all time a certain power to appoint the ordinary ways in which this cancelling of the temporal penalty should be arranged. And *that* is the doctrine of Indulgences."

"I don't see the connection," said the Doctor.

"You must understand, then," said I, "what every Catholic labourer understands from his childhood, that an Indulgence always supposes that the guilt of our sin, together with its eternal penalty, is forgiven beforehand. That is an act of grace which can proceed from God's mercy alone, through the death of our Saviour, which we believe to be applied in the sacrament of Confession according to the ordinance of the Gospel. But *after* God has forgiven us the sin (so that our souls need not be lost if we died instantly), there *remains* this temporal penalty to be worked off. He has pardoned the guilt, but He has not abolished the natural consequences of the mischief we have done. A drunkard may go to confession and be absolved, but that does not abolish the headache. David was *forgiven* when he confessed his adultery to Nathan, but the sentence that his child should die was passed upon him nevertheless (2 Kings xii. 13, 14). Now, as I said, we believe that such temporal punishment may be cancelled by applying, as they say, 'in satisfaction,' good works of our own, or of others transferred in the fellowship of Christ to us. The good works that Christ in His human life did on earth, and the satisfaction He thereby made for all human

sin, were infinite, and they are laid up for us, His brethren. We believe that His Mother and many among the saints have been enabled by God's grace to lay up in a like sense little stores of good works in union with Christ's own. It is this that we are accustomed to speak of as 'the spiritual treasury of the Church:' and we believe that in virtue of the gift of the keys, the Church has the power to say that, on proper conditions, a man whose sin has been forgiven may share, for his own needs, in this common inheritance of the faithful. He must *first of all*, of course, have repented his sin sincerely, and confessed it, and resolved never to fall into it again. He must *fulfil* certain conditions, by prayers, by works of charity, by visits to churches, and by the service of God in other ways. He must do all these things *with a pure intention* to obey the will of God and to wipe out the evil he has done. And then the Church declares to him that, in so far as his heart was right, God's mercy will grant him a right to participate in the good works of Christ, so that the temporal penalties outstanding after the forgiveness of his sin may be more or less taken away. Is there anything impious or absurd in that?"

"I do not say there is," replied the Ritualist, after a moment's pause, "but I saw, in a Continental cathedral last year, a placard promising a remission of one hundred days of Purgatory to the members of a certain society: surely you can't defend that?"

"Excuse me," I said, "you never saw anything of the kind."

"I assure you I did. It was at Antwerp."

"No," said I, "you neither did nor could see what you say. But you saw something, no doubt, which spoke of an Indulgence of one hundred days.'"

"Well," said he, "that is what I said."

"Not a bit of it," I replied, "and I will explain that also if you wish: though you can find it all in any Catholic prayer-book or catechism, if you choose. In the early days of the Christian Church, people realized very vividly this doctrine that sin entailed a temporal punishment: and after the sin was confessed and absolution given, they obliged the penitent (especially if it was

a case of public scandal) to *do public penance* in the churches for a stated time—forty days, or one hundred days, or more, as the case might be. A man who struck his parents was ordered to fast for seven years on bread and water. If you doubt this, you may read abundant proof of it not only in the Catholic Fathers, but in their adversary Tertullian also; and you will find, by the way, that even that very early heretic testifies to the existence in the Church of his own day, of a doctrine of remission of those temporal penalties by the way of Indulgence, the very same as the Catholic Church holds now.

"Well, after the early zeal of the persecuted Christians cooled down, these severe and long canonical penances were mitigated and almost disused, although they still exist in a modified form as the so-called 'satisfaction' which forms a part of every Catholic's confession. But the practice grew up of *measuring* the relative importance of Particular Indulgences by comparing them with fixed periods of this old canonical penance. An Indulgence which, if it were perfectly gained, would remit *all* the temporal penance due for any number of sins was called a 'Plenary Indulgence.' But these are comparatively few. The rest are held to remit only a part. And so an Indulgence that may remit so much of the penalty as would have been satisfied by one hundred days canonical penance, is technically called an 'Indulgence for one hundred days.'"

"That looks too ingenious to be true," said the Scotchman.

"Well," I replied, "it just happens that I can give you singularly good evidence, from the *Standard* newspaper of February 10, 1885, which was the seven hundredth anniversary of the consecration of the beautiful Temple Church. In describing the building that excellent Protestant journal quoted the old Saxon and Latin inscription which was engraved over one of the doors, stating how on that day, in the year 1185, 'this church was consecrated in honour of the Blessed Mary by the Lord Heraclius, *who to those yearly visiting it hath indulged sixty days of the penance enjoined them.*'"

"That is curious, certainly," said the High Churchman.

"And you will find," said I to him, "in the eleventh of Whitgift's Articles for your own Church of England, that 'commutation of penance' was quite recognized by your own friends in his day."

"You won't find anything like that in the Bible at all events," said the Presbyterian triumphantly.

"I often find," said I, "when it comes to the point, that Protestant Bible reading is more copious than careful. To a poor Papist, however, who compares 1 Corinthians v. with 2 Corinthians ii. 10, it appears clear enough that St. Paul affected to do this very thing in the case of the incestuous Corinthian—for he 'forgave' him 'in the power of Christ' those temporal pains and penalties of banishment from the society of the faithful, which he had at first 'in the name' and with the power of Christ sentenced him to bear in the flesh for his sin, although in the spirit he had obviously repented beforehand. And the very reason he gives is the same which the Church gives for her seeming leniency to-day—lest such a one should be 'swallowed up by overmuch sorrow,' and 'lest Satan should get an advantage of us, for we are not ignorant of his devices.'"

There was another pause.

"But what has all that to do with Purgatory?" said the Doctor.

"Well," I answered, "if we do not pay this debt on earth, we pay it afterwards; and in that sense *every* Indulgence may be said to go towards shortening or alleviating that temporary exile from God after death, which we call 'Purgatory.' But no one in the Church ever pretended that he had any idea *by how much* this or that good work or Indulgence would shorten the time, just as no one ever pretended to have any idea how long the time for any of us may be. On Purgatory the Church has defined very little, and she certainly has never said the stupid things that Protestants are good enough to put into her mouth. Where they got them, I cannot tell."

"But surely you say that Indulgences can be applied to souls in Purgatory?" said the parson.

"We do," said I, "and surely we ought to say so,

seeing that they too are members of the Body of Christ and are sharers in that same Communion of Saints with us. Yet even here, the Church has been most careful not to seem to arrogate to herself that which belongs to God alone. She has no jurisdiction over the holy souls that are gone to God, and she claims none. In that 'power of the keys' she claims to be able to dispense for all needs the wealth of the treasure-house. But where the application of that good gift to lessen the debt of the dead is in question, she authorizes us to offer these indulgences to God only 'by way of suffrage,' as it is termed, praying His mercy to have compassion on the souls we pray for and to let us pay their debt. Such 'suffrages' we may offer, as of course, where the satisfactions and good works in question are our own; and where they are of her dispensing, she can permit us to do the same. It is even an open question whether or not such application of Indulgences by way of suffrage is infallible in its effect —though, except as a nicety of theological reasoning, no man would doubt that what we so leave in the hands of the good God must surely help our brethren who are gone before. And certainly none will dare to say, if only he understands it rightly, that such a piety is evil."

My friends said nothing more. After a pause I added, as I rose to go; "Is it not strange that able and honest and religious men should be content to go on thinking and saying stupid lies about the Church to which the majority of Christians have in every age belonged? The doctrines you attribute to us are such as no sane and honest man could hold. Do you really think that we all are either fools or knaves? There is hardly a well-known family in England that has not furnished a convert to Catholicism within your lifetime. If you are honest, buy a Catechism and read it praying God to send you light. But if you see the light and do not follow it, then it were better for you if you had not been born!"

B. F. C. C.

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"By their fruits ye shall know them."

THE

FOREIGN AND ENGLISH "REFORMATION."

How did its AUTHORS describe the RESULTS of their Labours?

MARTIN LUTHER himself declares (A.D. 1525—1540): "I hold that those who have become Evangelicals *have become worse than they were before they received the Gospel.* Unfortunately, it is our daily experience, that those who live under our Gospel are more spiteful, more passionate, more greedy, avaricious, and quarrelsome, than ever they were under the Papacy" (*Hauspostill*, Walch's Edit. of Luther's works, vol. xiii. pp. 2193, 2195).

"Hitherto our doctrine *has only served to increase the misconduct of the world:* wherever it has been received, it has made men more avaricious, more unmerciful, and more impatient of discipline" (*Hauspostill*, Walch, v. xiii. p. 19).

"Our Germany, notwithstanding the great light of the gospel, seems to be all but possessed by the devil. Our youths are impudent and unruly, and will no longer submit to education; the old men are loaded with sins of avarice, usury, and many others that may not be told" (*Ausleg. des 1 Buch. Mos.*, Walch, i. p. 2451).

"People are now possessed with seven devils, whereas formerly they were possessed with one devil: the devil now enters into the people in crowds, so that *men are now much more avaricious, unmerciful, impure, insolent, than formerly under the Pope*" (*Hauspost.*, Walch, xiii. 19).

"Now our Evangelicals are becoming *seven times worse than they were before;* for, after we have learned the Gospel, we steal, lie, cheat, eat and drink, and give way to every vice. Verily, if we have cast out one evil spirit, *seven others, worse than the first, have now entered in and taken possession of us,* as is to be seen in princes, nobles, gentry, citizens, and peasants—who behave without shame, disregarding God and His threats" (*Ausleg. d. V. Buch. Mos.*, Walch, vol. iii. p. 2727).

"It appears, finally, that those who ought to be perfect Christians, because they have received the Gospel, are, on the contrary, *worse and less merciful than they ever were before, as is only too obvious.* Formerly, when men were misled by the deceptions and false worship of the Pope, they were ready and willing to do good works; *but now, on the contrary, all the world has learned nothing else but to hoard, defraud, and openly to rob and steal, with lies, deceptions, usury, cheating; and every one deals with his neighbour as if he were his enemy.* . . . Such are now-a-days *the growing habits of all classes*—princes, nobles, citizens, and peasants—in short of every one" (*Kirchenpostill,* Walch, vol. p. 2521.)

CALVIN writes: "When so many thousands of men, having shaken off the Papal authority, enrolled themselves eagerly, as it seemed, under the Gospel, how few among them repented of their vices! Nay! what else have *the majority* shown to have been their desire, but that, having shaken off the yoke of superstition, *they might launch out with the greater freedom into every kind of lasciviousness?*" (*De Scandalis,* Op., Edit. Amstelod, 1677, vol. viii. p. 71.)

"It is a matter of no small importance," he writes to Melancthon in 1552, "that we should not allow any suspicion of the *divisions* that have broken out amongst us to pass down to posterity. *For it is above measure absurd that we, who have been obliged to cut ourselves off from the whole Christian world, should fall asunder from each other at the very beginning of our undertaking*" (*Epist. ad Melancth.*, vol. ix. p. 66).

MARTIN BUCER avows that the great majority of the "reformed" had only changed their religion for the sake of worldly advantages, and freedom from all religious restraint; "and," he adds, "it was by no means displeasing to them to hear that 'we are justified by faith in Christ and not by good works,' *since for these latter they had no relish.* . . . A good number of them only received the preaching of the Gospel *in order that they might be able to plunder the goods of the churches*" (*De Regno Christi*, l. i. c. 4. Edit. Basil., 1577, p. 24). "It is but to well objected against us, that, whilst we loudly condemn the prayers, fasts and other ancient religious observances, *we ourselves, on the other hand, neither pray, fast, watch, nor labour;* but *have regard only to good living and the gratification of the senses;* anxious to spy out evils in others, to whom we ourselves are in no way superior" (*Enarrat, in Quat. Evang.* fol. 70).

DUDITH, writing to his fellow-reformer Beza, says: "Our Churches themselves are contending against one another with deadly hatred and terrible anathemas. The chief theologians have no fixed belief, but coin a creed altogether different from that which they had just before professed, and from that of all other Christians, and this form of belief only lasts them for a month. . . . *In what single point of religion are these Churches which have declared war against the Roman Pontiff agreed amongst themselves?*" (*Beza Epist. Theol. Genevæ*, 1575, p. 5.)

CAPITO, the colleague of Bucer in the administration of the Church of Strasburg, writes to Farel, A.D. 1537:—"The Lord grants me to learn what it is to be a pastor, and how much evil we have done by our hasty judgment and inconsiderate vehemence in throwing off the Pontifical authority. For the multitude, after being accustomed, and encouraged to license, has now altogether thrown off the bridle; as though by breaking down the authority of the Papists, we made void the

power of the Word, of the Sacraments, and of the whole office of the ministry. For they cry out:—'*I know enough of the Gospel; I can read it myself; what need have I of your assistance?*'" (*Epist. ad Farel, inter Calvini Epist.* Op. Tom. ix. p. 2.)

WILLIBALD PIRCKHEIMER, writing in 1528, says:—"I know, and it is the truth, that even unbelievers were not guilty of such fraud and crime as those are who call themselves 'Evangelicals.' For the fact is evident to be seen, that *there is now neither faith nor hope, no fear of God, no love of one's neighbour; but there is a rejection of mercy and goodness, of art and learning; nor do they now think of aught save the gratification of the body*," *etc.* (Epistle to Tscherte, in *Reliquien von Albrecht Durer*, Nuremburg, 1828. p. 166.)

ERASMUS, who had for some time sympathized with the "Reformers," after ample experience of the results of their teaching, thus wrote to Vulturius Neocomus: "Look around on this 'Evangelical' people, and observe whether amongst them less indulgence is given to luxury, lust or avarice, than amongst those [Catholics] whom you so detest. Show me any one person who by that 'gospel' has been reclaimed from drunkenness to sobriety, from fury and passion to meekness, from avarice to liberality, from reviling to well-speaking, from wantonness to modesty. *I will show you a great many who have become worse through following it.* . . . It may be my misfortune, but *never yet have I happened to know any person who did not seem to have deteriorated under its influence*" (*Epist.* Edit. Lond. 1642, lib. xxxi. epist. 47, col. 2054, seq.). "Those whom I had formerly known to be pure, upright, and free from guile," he says in another letter, "I found, *after they had joined this sect* (the Lutherans), to have become licentious in conversation, gamblers, neglectful of prayer, absorbed in worldly pursuits, most impatient of injury, implacable,

slanderers, vain, as spiteful as serpents, and utterly devoid of human feeling" (lib. xxxi. epist. 59, col. 2118).

"Luther's popularity daily increases. Now certain Frenchmen are more mad than any Germans. All have in their mouths five words—'*The Gospel*,' '*The word of God*,' '*Faith*,' '*Christ*,' and '*The Spirit*;' and yet I see many of them here to be such, that I cannot doubt that they were impelled by the spirit of Satan" (lib. xviii., epist. 49, col. 811). "I see a people springing up from whom my soul turns away in utter abhorrence. Concord, charity, faith, discipline, morals, good order,—all are perishing" (lib. xx., epist. 3, col. 960). "I see no one made any better, but all, whom I knew intimately, to have become worse; insomuch that it grieves me greatly that formerly, in my writings, I declared for 'liberty of the spirit;' though I did so with a good intention, never dreaming that such a race as this was about to spring up. I was desirous that there should be some abatement in human ceremonies, in order that true piety might gain much increase. Now, however, these ceremonies are got rid of in such manner, that to liberty of spirit succeeds an unbridled license of the flesh. Certain cities of Germany are filled with erroneous doctrines, with deserters of monasteries, with married priests, and with multitudes of famished and naked wretches. *Nothing else is thought of but dancing, eating, drinking, and intrigue.* They teach not, neither do they learn; there is no sobriety of life, no sincerity. *Wherever they are, there lie prostrate all good discipline and piety*" (lib. xx., epist. 18, col. 984).

KING HENRY VIII. (for we must now give a few testimonies regarding the moral effects of the "Reformation" in our own country) said in his last speech to Parliament: "The Bible itself is turned into wretched rhymes, sung and jangled in every ale-house and tavern. *I am sure that charity was never so faint among ye, virtue never at a lower ebb, and God Himself*

never less honoured or worse served in Christendom" (Stow's *Annals;* and Collier's *Ecclesiast. Hist.* p. ii. b. iii. p. 218).

BISHOP LATIMER, in his Seventh Sermon before Edward VI., said: "I never saw, surely, so little discipline as is now-a-days. Men will be masters; they will be masters and no disciples. Alas! where is this discipline now in England? The people regard no discipline, they be without all order. . . . *Men, the more they know, the worse they be:* it is truly said, 'Scientia inflat,' knowledge maketh us proud, and causeth us to forget all, and set away discipline. *Surely in Popery they had a reverence; but now we have none at all.* I never saw the like!" etc., etc, (*Serm. XIII.* Parker Society Edit., p. 230).

"There is in London," he elsewhere says, "as much pride, covetousness, cruelty, oppression, and superstition as ever there was in Nebo. . . *London was never so ill as it is now. In times past men were full of piety and compassion, but now there is no piety;* for in London their brother shall die in the streets for cold, he shall lie sick at the door between stock and stock, and perish there for hunger: Was there ever more unmercifulness in Nebo? I think not. In times past, when any rich man died in London, they were wont to help the poor scholars of the Universities, and bequeath great sums of money for the relief of the poor; but now charity is waxen cold, none helpeth the scholar, nor yet the poor" (*Sermon of the Plough, ib.* p. 63)

BRADFORD, another English "Reformer," says: "All men may see that *immorality in its foulest forms; pride, dishonesty, unmercifulness, scoffing at religion and virtue, and a desire to oppress and crush down the poor,* far surpassed at this time anything that before occurred in the realm" (*On the Condition of Public Morals and the People's Povertie*). And in a letter to Archbishop Cranmer the same author says: "A heavy curse seems to have fallen on the people; I know not what to think of it. Desolation overshadows this land of ours, that was ever so prosperous and contented."

CAMDEN, the Protestant annalist, states that "Sacrilegious avarice ravenously invaded Church livings, colleges, chantries, hospitals, and places dedicated to the poor, as things superfluous. *Ambition and emulation among the nobility, presumption and disobedience among the common people, grew so extravagant that England seemed to be in a downright frenzy*" (*Chronicle on Edward's Reign*).

BISHOP BARLOW writes in 1553:—"Mark it substantially, in cities and towns where ye see the people the most rifest and most busy to prate of the Gospel, whether they be or be not as great usurers, deceivers of their neighbours, blasphemous swearers, evil speakers, and given to all vices as deeply as ever they were. *This I am sure of, and dare boldly affirm, that sith the time of this new contentious learning the dread of God is greatly quenched, and charitable compassion sore abated*" (*A Dialogue on the Lutheran Faccions*, 1553).

BISHOP PARKER writes to Bullinger in 1562: "Religion is in the same state among us as heretofore. . . . Almost all are covetous, all love gifts. *There is no truth, no liberality, no knowledge of God.* Men have broken forth to curse and to lie, and murder and steal and commit adultery," etc. (*Zurich Letters*, Parker Society Edit. n. xlvi. p. 108.)

BISHOP PILKINGTON writes in 1585: "Religion is the chiefest help that God has given us to know Him by, to bridle our ill-affections, and desires withal, to make us love one another, and set forth His glory; and yet, if we look into ourselves in these days, we shall find that there never was greater cruelty, oppression of the poor, hypocrisy and dissembling in God's cause, and unmercifulness amongst men in this land, *than hath been since the beginning of the reforming*

of religion amongst us; yea, and this is more wonderful, of such as would pretend to be favourers of religion.*. . . Things be fresh in memory, and cannot be forgotten of them that will not willingly be blind; but they that list to read may see in that worthy father Master Latimer's Sermons, many such things opened that then were preached; and would to God they were now reformed, or not *fallen to worse and more shameful dealings, without hope of amendment.* . . . Everyone in his degree useth craft, subtlety, and deceit, to oppress, undermine, and snatch from others, without respect of friend or foe, what he can, not regarding how he cometh by it, by hook or crook, by right or wrong," etc. (*Works*, Parker Society Edit. pp. 461, 465.)

Protestant writers are constantly telling us of the great corruption of morals that existed in some Catholic countries during the period preceding the revolt of Luther. They appear to be ignorant of the fact, that the "Reformers" themselves, with one voice declared, that matters became far worse after the spread of their new doctrines, and amongst the great majority of those who embraced them.

* For copious proofs of the generally infamous character of the Protestant clergy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, see Mr. Buckle's Article in *Fraser's Magazine* for August, 1867; also Dr. F. G. Lee's *Church under Queen Elizabeth.*

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A LETTER
TO THE WORKING MEN OF ENGLAND.

——:o:——

THIRTEEN hundred years ago the Christian religion was brought to England by a good and holy man called Augustine.

Augustine was sent by a man, equally good and holy, called Gregory.

The religion preached by Augustine was the Roman Catholic religion, and the man Gregory, who sent him, was the Pope of Rome.

Augustine could not preach any other religion, because there was no other Christian religion known. The many different Protestant sects and religions, which are the stumbling-block and scandal of the present age, had not been invented. All the Christians in the world held but one Faith, and that was the Roman Catholic Faith.

England was, at the coming of Augustine, inhabited by a people called the Saxons, who had driven the older inhabitants, the Britons, into Wales and Cornwall. Many of the Britons were Christians and, of course, Roman Catholics, having received the Faith from Pope Eleutherius about one hundred and eighty years after our Lord's Ascension. But, owing to the misfortunes of war and their conquered condition, their religion had sunk to the lowest ebb, and they did nothing to spread it among the Saxons. Hence, when Augustine came, England

was practically a heathen country. The success of Augustine's preaching was marvellous, and in a very short time the Saxons were converted to the Roman Catholic Faith.

For nearly a thousand years, this Faith, and this Faith only, was preached and practised in England. It covered the land with the beautiful cathedrals and churches which are still the wonder and admiration of mankind. It built Westminster Abbey, York Minster, the Cathedrals at Canterbury and Durham, and all those similar monuments of the Faith, Hope and Charity, of our ancestors, which are perpetual prayers to the God in whose honour they were raised. It fostered learning and the arts and sciences. It founded the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It took care of the poor and needy. Its monasteries, such as the Abbeys of Battle, St. Albans, Glastonbury, Bolton, and many others, too numerous to mention, were so many harbours of refuge for the starving and the destitute. The holy men and women who, as monks and nuns, renounced the world and all its pleasures, lived but to serve Almighty God. In ministering to the poor, they rendered the best of all service to Him who said: "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me." Thus it was that the Roman Catholic Church won the proud title of the "Church of the Poor."

Three hundred years ago, a man ascended the throne of England called Henry VIII. His character is thus summed up by Charles Dickens, the well-known novelist, and a Protestant: "The plain truth is that he was the most intolerable ruffian, a disgrace to human nature, and

a blot of blood and grease upon the history of England." Upon the pretence of reforming alleged abuses in the monasteries, but in reality to satisfy his own avarice, he forcibly seized them, robbed them of the valuable gifts which had been made to them for centuries by a grateful people, turned the monks and nuns out upon the world, and sold the Church lands to his favourites.

At the same time, because the Pope would not give him leave to put away his lawful wife, Queen Katherine, and marry one of her maids of honour, a person of the name of Anne Boleyn, he assumed to himself the title of Supreme Head of the Church in England, and cut off England from the unity of the rest of Christendom. The English people were therefore separated from the Pope, who, as the successor of St. Peter, is the true Head and Chief Bishop under Christ of the whole Church upon earth. In his place they had forced upon them a self-made Pope, acting under no divine authority or guidance, swayed by the most degrading vices; a man who condemned all who disbelieved in him, or his opinions to a horrible death. The result was that, by the time he died a loathsome death, having married six wives and beheaded two of them, thousands of persons had suffered death during his reign of terror for their conscience' sake.

From this time (with the exception of the five years' reign of Queen Mary, whom Protestants delight to call "Bloody Mary," but who, with all her faults, was an angel of light in comparison with criminals such as Henry and Elizabeth) a long era of bitter persecution commenced for the Catholics. Under the

Acts of Parliament of the years 1563, 1571, 1581, 1585, 1587, and 1593, a second refusal to take the Oath of Supremacy (*i.e.*, that the Queen is "Supreme Governor as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as in temporal") was visited with death. It was death to hold any communication with the See of Rome; death to be reconciled or to reconcile any one to the Catholic Church; death for a priest to remain in the kingdom; death to maintain, relieve, or receive a priest; death to all Catholics, unable to pay the monthly fine of £20 for non-attendance at Protestant service, who neglected to quit the country. Besides this there were heavy fines and long imprisonment for saying or hearing Mass (that is, celebrating, or assisting at the celebration of the Communion service of the Catholic Church); and all dealings with landed property by Catholics were void. It may be mentioned that death under "Good Queen Bess" meant being hanged until you were half-dead, then to be cut down, and, while half-alive, to have your bowels torn out, and your body cut into four quarters. No wonder that, in the face of an ordeal as terrible as this, thousands consented to be anything or nothing. People are never at any time in a great hurry to lead self-denying religious lives and when it involved a death so horrible as this, it was easy to find an excuse to stifle conscience. Nevertheless, many priests and people, during the reign of "that bright occidental star Queen Elizabeth, of happy memory," as she is called in the Preface to the Protestant translation of the Bible, met this death cheerfully rather than deny the Faith planted by Augustine a thousand years before.

And the poor? What did they do, deprived of the charity which had comforted and assisted them from the monasteries and convents? A very easy method was devised for getting rid of them. Elizabeth in July, 1595, directed a Commission to Sir Thomas Wilford, empowering him to arrest all vagrants and hang the most incorrigible. It need hardly be said that this Commission, and others of a similar nature, proved an effectual way of disposing of inconvenient paupers.

Persecution is an effectual weapon if wielded with sufficient determination. It has successfully stamped out many human institutions. Against the Church of God, however, it is powerless. The Divine Providence decreed that the light of Faith should be nearly extinguished in England—but not quite. For many years the penal laws against the Catholics were exercised in full force. The last martyrdoms took place in the reign of Charles II., from 1660 till 1685. The heavy fines and penalties imposed upon the handful of persons professing the ancient Faith were maintained until recent times. No Catholic could be a barrister, solicitor, doctor, officer under the Crown, or in the army or navy, or hold any public office. The Act of 1689, giving toleration to the Protestant dissenters from the Anglican Establishment, expressly excluded Catholics; and an Act of 1699 gave a reward of £100 to any one giving such information as should lead to the conviction of a priest saying Mass, and enacted that upon such conviction, the priest should be imprisoned for life.

At last the sense of fair-play which characterizes the English people, came to the aid of their harassed and

distressed Catholic brethren. In the year 1829, the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed, removing most of the disabilities by which they had been so long oppressed, and restoring to them full rights of citizenship.

Since then, under the happy rule of our present gracious Sovereign, thousands have returned, and are returning, to the Faith of their forefathers. In the one fold of the Good Shepherd, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they worship Almighty God in union with the rest of the Christian world. Except in England and her colonies, Protestantism is an insignificant sect. In Germany, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, which are its strongholds on the Continent, it is cold, lifeless, and rotten with infidelity. In America it has developed a thousand eccentricities, and is unable to withstand the onslaughts of infidelity on the one hand, and the irresistible spread of Catholicism on the other.

To-day, in England, by the mercy of God, churches are gradually rising up, wherein the same religion, is preached that was taught by Augustine before England was robbed of it by Henry VIII.

This religion is the Roman Catholic religion, against which you have heard so much. You have been told that Roman Catholics are idolaters; that they worship images; that they place the Blessed Virgin Mary above Almighty God; that they may not read the Holy Bible; that they would, if they could, burn all the Protestants; and a lot of other things that, if they were true, would prove Catholics to be very wicked people indeed. But are they true? Come and see. You have only heard one side of the question as yet—the Protestant side.

Come and hear what the other side has to say. "Fair play is a jewel." The Catholic Church in England has not had fair play. She has been persecuted, oppressed, and vilified. She is beginning to lift up her voice once more. She looks to you, the working men of England, to strengthen that voice by granting her a fair hearing. Come and listen to what she has to say. There are few towns that do not possess a Catholic church or chapel. A humble little place perhaps—humble, it may be, as the wretched Stable at Bethlehem wherein your Saviour was born into the world which He had made, but still a place where you will hear the Faith preached which your forefathers received so gladly and suffered for so nobly. Come to the services held there. Listen to the sermons you will hear at these services. Perhaps at first you will not understand the services themselves. If this is so, don't give the whole thing up as a bad job. Stick to it. Inquire. Buy a sixpenny book called *Catholic Belief*, that you can get at any Catholic bookshop ; or send to 69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E., for a little twopenny book called *A Letter to the People of England on the Revival of the Catholic Faith in their midst*, and also ask for a list of little books especially intended to explain the teaching of the Catholic Church. Ask those among your friends who are Catholics (if you know any) to explain the services to you. Better still, go to the priest and say that you want to know about the Catholic religion. He will gladly explain everything to you. Don't be ashamed of going to church in your working clothes. Do not think that the Catholic Church is only for rich people who can afford fine clothes. The Catholic

Church is the Church of both rich and poor, but she is the Church of the poor especially. You—the working men of England—are particularly called to be the friends and followers of our Lord and God Jesus Christ; for when He was on earth He was a working man. Until His thirtieth year He worked with St. Joseph, His foster-father, as a carpenter at Nazareth. His first friends and followers, the fishermen at Galilee, were working men. St. Peter, the first Pope to whom He said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," was a working man. St. John, His beloved disciple, who leant upon His bosom at the Last Supper, and who stood at the foot of the Cross whereon He died for love of you, was a working man. So were St. James and St. Andrew, who gave their lives for the Catholic Faith. Come and hear what the religion is of which you have been robbed.. Come and hear your Lord and Master, your brother Workman, say to you, as He said to the working men of old: "Follow Me."

L. D.

NOTE.

The historical facts quoted in this pamphlet may be substantiated by reference to Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* (Catholic); Pearson's *History of England during the Early and Middle Ages* (Protestant); Hallam's *Constitutional History of England* (Protestant); and the Statutes of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and the following reigns.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.
[Price 2s. per 100.]

POPERY ON EVERY COIN OF THE REALM

"BLESS my soul!" says honest John Bull, "what's this? Popery on the coin of the realm! Popery on a good English sovereign, on an English shilling, on an English penny! I don't believe a word of it."

"Nevertheless it's a fact. Every coin of the realm—gold, silver, copper, from the biggest to the smallest, from the bulky crown-piece to the diminutive threepenny-bit — every single one without exception bears on its face a relic of Popery."

"Dear me! Can it be possible?"—closely scanning a shilling drawn from the depths of his breeches pocket. "No, I can't see it. There's neither cross nor image—Oh! Ah! You don't mean to say the image of our gracious Queen is Popery? I know images are rather Popish; but surely the image of her Majesty isn't?"

"No, my friend. The image of her Majesty

is perfectly innocent of the charge of Popery. It's not in the image at all."

"Well, sir, where is it? Show it me. That's a good English shilling, and I say there's no mark of Popery on it."

"Look at the head side, and read the words printed round it."

"VICTORIA—Hum! Ah! It's Latin or some other lingo. I can't make much of it."

"Yes; it's Latin. These are the words: VICTORIA DEI GRATIA BRITANNIÆ REGINA: F: D. And this is the English of them: 'Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen of England——'"

"Well, there's no Popery about that! She *is* Queen of England by the grace of God, and she doesn't thank the Pope for it."

"But wait a bit. What about the two letters F.D.? Do you know what they mean?"

"No. I never took much notice of them before. What do they mean?"

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

"Well, they stand for two more Latin words, *Fidei Defensor*, which means *Defender of the Faith*."

"And so she is, God bless her, the Defender of the Faith. Isn't she the Head of the Church, and isn't she ready to defend it against the Pope or any one else?"

"Yes, she is the head of your English Protestant Church; and I have no doubt she would be prepared to maintain it against all enemies. But is it not strange that she should make use of a title which was conferred by the Pope, and which means *Defender*—not of the *Protestant Faith*, but —of the *Roman Catholic Faith?*"

"What! The Queen—her gracious Majesty wear a title given by the Pope! Defender of the Roman Catholic Faith! What can you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. That title, *Defender of the Faith*, was given by the Pope to one of the sovereigns of England many years ago. And you can see how proud they are of it from the way they make use of it ever since. Queen Victoria is the sixteenth English sovereign who has borne that title; and you see it is the only title besides that of *Queen of England* she thinks it worth while to put on her coinage. In other words, her proudest title, after *Queen of England*, is that given by the Pope, *Defender of the Faith*."

"Given by the Pope, you say—this title *Defender of the Faith* given by the Pope! I don't understand it at all."

"Well, it was this way. In the year 1520 Luther began the *Reformation*, as you call it, which was simply a revolt against the teaching and authority of the Catholic Church and the Pope; for I may remark in passing that Luther

was a Roman Catholic priest and a monk for many years before he started as a reformer and founded the Protestant Church. Well, when Luther began his revolt, the religion of all the civilized world was Roman Catholic. England, for instance, was Roman Catholic from sea to sea; and the Pope had no more devoted children than the noblest Englishmen of the day."

"Oh, come now! You don't expect I'm going to believe that, do you?"

Henry VIII. and Luther.

"Wait a little. Maybe what I'm going to tell you will convince you. When Luther began to preach against the Catholic Church, good Catholics, all over the world, were shocked beyond measure at his teaching, and men of learning in every country wrote and spoke against him. It was not merely the Pope and the priests that opposed him, but very many educated laymen came forward as defenders of the old faith against the new. Among these was the King of England, Henry VIII."

"Henry VIII.! Why, I thought he was one of the staunchest Protestants that ever lived."

"Well, perhaps Protestantism can claim the last and worst part of his life; but in his earlier and better years, both as prince and king, he was a

staunch Catholic. What I am going to say will prove it. Henry was one of those Catholic laymen who came forward to refute Luther's heretical teachings; and with the aid (so it was said) of a learned and holy bishop, who had been his tutor and guardian and was now one of his councillors, Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, he drew up a very able and powerful defence of the Catholic Faith against Luther. This was the title of the work: *A Defence of the Seven Sacraments against Martin Luther, by Henry, the eighth of his name, the most potent King of England and France and Lord of Ireland. A.D. 1521.*

"Here are a few passages from this famous work.

"In the introduction he says: 'Oh, what happy times were those when Holy Church wanted no defenders, since she had no enemy to contend with. But, alas! now-a-days one appeared who, concealing his Satanic malice under the cloak of zeal for truth, and urged on by hatred and anger, vomits forth his viperous venom against the Church. Would to God that every soul renovated in the life-giving waters of baptism and redeemed by the blood of Christ, the old man and the child, the priest and the king, could arise to combat this ungrateful and impious wretch!'

Henry VIII. on the Pope.

"In the course of the work he speaks thus of the authority of the Pope: 'Do you (Luther) dare to deny that Christendom looks on Rome as her common mother? Even to the utmost extremities of the world every one bearing the name of Christian inclines in humble submission to Rome. If that power which Rome claims for herself came neither from God nor man, did Rome usurp it? Did Rome steal it? When? Tell us, if you can; open the pages of history and consult them. But if that power be so ancient that its beginning is lost in the obscurity of time, then you should know that it is an established axiom of human laws that all possession, the source of which cannot be traced, is legitimate; and that by the unanimous consent of all people it is forbidden to touch that which time has confirmed.'

Henry VIII. on Confession.

"Here is how he defends Confession of sins to a priest, and Absolution, which Luther had ridiculed: 'With regard to the power of the keys I take no other argument but this. Luther asserts that the words of institution (St. Matthew xviii. 11) apply to the laity as well as the priesthood; this Bede denies: which of them do you

believe? Luther says yes; St. Ambrose says no: which do you believe? Luther affirms; the Catholic Church denies: which do you believe?'

Henry VIII. on Tradition and the Church.

"Here is how he speaks of Tradition and the authority of the Church in matters of faith: 'Without Tradition you are not certain that there is one Gospel extant. If the Church had not told us that the Gospel of St. John was the Gospel of St. John, we should not have known that it was the work of the Apostle, for we were not standing by his side when he wrote it. Why, then, do you not believe the Church when she tells you: "This is what Jesus Christ has done; these are the Sacraments He has instituted; this is what the Apostles have handed down to us;" as you believe her when she says, "This is what St. Matthew or St. Mark has related"?'

Henry VIII. on Luther.

"He describes Luther as 'An audacious writer who puts himself above all law, despises our doctors, and from the pinnacle of his greatness laughs at the living lights of our Church, and insults the majesty of our pontiffs, traditions, dogmas, morals, canons, the faith, and even the Church herself.' And again: 'When Luther felt

that he was cast out of the society of the faithful, he began to do as the impious, who, when they have come to the lowest depth, despise it. He did not mourn over his fall, thinking how he had exalted himself like Lucifer, and like Lucifer had fallen headlong, as the lightning from heaven. He imitated the desperation of the devil, becoming a devil (*diabolus*); that is to say, a caluminator himself, and began to pour out blasphemies and calumnies against the Sovereign Pontiff; and filled with envy of the faithful like the old serpent, he lay snares of infidelity for them, that he might get them to taste of the forbidden fruit of evil knowledge, and thus be expelled from the paradise of the Church (from which he had been ejected) into a land bringing forth thorns and thistles. I confess that I greatly pity such madness and so miserable a fall, and I heartily desire that even yet, by the assistance of God's grace, he may come to his senses, and be converted and live. And this I desire not only for his own sake—though for his sake also, since I would wish all men to be saved if so it might be—but I wish that being at length converted, and like the prodigal son returning to the mercy of his loving father, and confessing his error, he may bring back those whom he has led astray. However, if he is so utterly doomed that now "the pit" of impiety and desperation "has shut

its mouth upon him" (Ps. lxviii. 16), let him bluster, slander, rave as he will, nay, "he that is filthy let him be filthy still" (Apoc. xxii. 11).'

"This is how he concludes his work: 'All other Christians, I beseech, and by the bowels of Christ, whose faith we profess, I entreat, to turn their ears from his impious words, not to nourish schism and strife, especially at this time, when Christians ought especially to be united against the enemies of Christ. Let them not listen to the insults and detractions against the Vicar of Christ' [the Pope] 'which the rage of this friar pours out. Let them not stain with impious heresies the hearts that are consecrated to Christ.'

"Here, then, you have Henry attacking Luther and the Protestants, and defending the Catholic Church and its doctrines, and the authority of the Pope, Seven Sacraments of the Catholic Church, Confession and Absolution of sins, the necessity of Tradition, and other points of Catholic faith. Now what do you say of Henry's religion?"

"Well, if all this be true, I can't deny that Henry was a Papist."

"And Henry's subjects as well. For look back at the second extract given above, and notice how he speaks of all Christendom looking on Rome as a common mother, and every one bearing the name of Christian, even to the utmost limits of the world, inclining in humble submission to

Rome. Evidently Henry's own subjects must have been included in this description. If, then, it is a fact that Henry wrote that work, it is also, as you say, a fact that Henry and his subjects were all staunch Roman Catholics. Isn't that so?"

HENRY'S BOOK.

"Well, I don't see how I can escape admitting that. But how am I to be sure he did write such a work?"

"Oh, there are many copies of it in existence. It was first printed in London and afterwards at Antwerp, Paris, Rome, and other places. Copies were sent to all the principal courts of Europe and to the Universities. Many of these copies are still to be seen in the great libraries. Moreover, two copies engrossed on parchment and signed by Henry himself, and bearing the arms of England on the title-page, were sent by special messenger to the Pope; and these are still in the Vatican library. The printed copies have a small coloured frontispiece, representing Henry on his knees presenting his work to the Pope. The work is dedicated to the Pope; and on the last page are two lines of Latin verse to this effect: 'Henry, King of England, sends thee, Leo X., this his work, as a pledge of fidelity and friendship.' Along with

the work Henry sent a Latin letter written with his own hand, which is also in the Vatican library. After telling how he was filled with indignation at hearing of the conduct and teaching of Luther, how he was at once impelled by his love for the Holy Apostolic See to turn all his attention to stopping the spread of the evil, and how he had called upon the German sovereigns to unite in crushing this revolt against the Church, he concludes : 'But not satisfied with these proofs of our zeal for the Catholic Faith and our devotion to the Apostolic See, we resolved to show by our own written words what we thought of Luther and his detestable books, thus to make it clear to all that we would be ever ready to defend and protect, as well with the pen as with the sword, the Holy Roman Church. Moreover we thought that this first effort of ours should be dedicated and consecrated to none other than to your Holiness, . . . and we shall consider its value greatly increased if it meets with your Holiness's approval.

'Your Holiness's most devoted
and obedient Son,
'HENRY,
'By the Grace of God, King of England and
France and Lord of Ireland.
'From our Palace at Greenwich, May 21, 1521.'

"We have also another letter of Henry's to

Luther, in which he speaks of him as one who had 'mocked at the Catholic Church, ridiculed the Fathers and holy Apostles, blasphemed the Saints and the Blessed Mother of God, and insulted the Lord Himself.' But I think I need not go any further. What do you say now? Have I proved that Henry was a Roman Catholic (or, as you are fond of expressing it, a Papist), and that he ruled over a Catholic people?"

The Letters "F. D."

"Well, I think you have got me pretty tight, anyhow. I don't clearly see my way out of it. But what about the F. D.? We seem to have got away from that."

"Yes, so we have; but we can now settle it very easily. The title of *Defender of the Faith* was conferred by Pope Leo X. on Henry as a reward for his defence of the Catholic faith against Luther. The Papal Bull (as such documents are called) conferring the title is still in the British Museum, as also an autograph letter from the Pope, praising Henry and his work in the highest terms. Henry, to show his gratitude, wrote again to the sovereigns of Europe, calling upon them to put down Luther by force if necessary; and in signing his name he adds to it the title he had just received. Henry, indeed, afterwards

renounced his allegiance to the Catholic Church because the Pope would not allow him to put away his wife and marry another; but even then he was still proud of his title of *Defender of the Faith*. The title was given to Henry personally, without the right of leaving it to his successors. Yet in 1543, some years after his revolt from the Pope, Henry had an Act passed uniting the title Defender of the Faith with that of Supreme Head of the Church of England and Ireland, and annexing these titles for ever to the Crown; and Henry's Protestant successors on the English Throne down to the present have, each in turn, styled themselves *Defender of the Faith*.

"Now I think I have pretty clearly shown that there is Popery on the face of every coin of the realm. In fact, every coin ought to be for an Englishman a sort of signpost, directing him back to the old way in which his fathers trod. The F. D. upon it ought to remind him that less than four centuries ago this was a Catholic land, that its people from the king to the beggar were faithful children of the Roman Catholic Church.

"This would naturally lead him to ask,—How came the change? Was there any sufficient reason for it? If he went on to seek an answer to these questions, he would find that the change was brought about by the unbridled lust of a king who had become a tyrant, and would brook

no restraint on his passions or power. He would find that it was not done by the people, nor with the sanction of the people; but on the contrary, in spite of the people, and only after many brave Englishmen and Englishwomen had nobly laid down their lives for the old faith of their fathers.

"And this perhaps would lead to the further question: May not that old faith be the right faith after all, and may it not be a safer guide than so licentious and bloody an apostle as Henry VIII?"

NOTE.—The Protestant reader is invited to test the truth of the preceding in any good Histories of England. The facts and extracts are chiefly from Audin's *Life of Henry VIII.*, and Lingard's *History of England*.

Father Bridgett's pamphlet, *The Defender of the Faith; the Royal Title, its History and Value*, may also be consulted for a fuller account of the facts here narrated.

Lectures

ON THE

PRESENT POSITION OF CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND:

Addressed to the Brothers of the Birmingham Oratory in 1851

BY

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

II. Tradition the Sustaining Power of the Protestant View.

CONSIDERING, what is as undeniable a fact as that there is a country called France, or an ocean called the Atlantic, the actual extent, the renown, and the manifold influence of the Catholic Religion,—considering that it surpasses in territory and in population any other Christian communion, nay, surpasses all others put together,—considering that it is the religion of two hundred millions of souls, that it is found in every quarter of the globe, that it penetrates into all classes of the social body, that it is received by entire nations, that it is so multiform in its institutions, and so exuberant in its developments, and so fresh in its resources, as any tolerable knowledge of it will be sure to bring home to our minds,—that it has been the creed of intellects the most profound and the most refined, and the source of works the most beneficial, the most arduous, and the most beautiful,—and, moreover, considering that, thus ubiquitous, thus commanding, thus philosophical, thus energetic, thus efficient, it has remained one and the same for centuries,—considering that all this must be owned by its most virulent enemies, explain

it how they will; surely it is a phenomenon the most astounding, that a nation like our own should so manage to hide this fact from their minds, to intercept their own vision of it, as habitually to scorn, and ridicule, and abhor the professors of that Religion, as being, from the nature of the case, ignorant, unreasoning, superstitious, base and grovelling. It is familiar to an Englishman to wonder at and to pity the recluse and the devotee who surround themselves with a high enclosure, and shut out what is on the other side of it; but was there ever such an instance of self-sufficient, dense, and ridiculous bigotry, as that which rises up and walls in the minds of our fellow-countrymen from all knowledge of one of the most remarkable phenomena which the history of the world has seen? This broad fact of Catholicism—as real as the continent of America, or the Milky Way—which Englishmen cannot deny, they will not entertain; they shut their eyes, they thrust their heads into the sand, and try to get rid of a great vision, a great reality, under the name of Popery. They drop a thousand years from the world's chronicle, and having steeped them thoroughly in sin and idolatry, would fain drown them in oblivion. Whether for philosophic remark or for historical research, they will not recognise, what infidels recognise as well as Catholics, the vastness, the grandeur, the splendour, the loveliness of the manifestations of this time-honoured ecclesiastical confederation. Catholicism is for fifteen hundred years as much a fact, and as great a one (to put it on the lowest ground) as is the imperial sway of Great Britain for a hundred; how can it then be actually imbecile or extravagant to believe in it and to join it, even granting it were an error? But this island, as far as religion is concerned, really must be called one large convent, or rather workhouse; the old pictures hang on the walls; the world-wide Church is chalked up on every side as a wivern or a griffin; no pure gleam of light finds its way in from without; the thick atmosphere refracts and distorts such straggling rays as gain admittance. Why, it is not even a *camera obscura;* cut off from Christendom though it be, at least it might have a true picture of that

Christendom cast in miniature upon its floor; but in this inquisitive age, when the Alps are crested, and seas fathomed, and mines ransacked, and sands sifted, and rocks cracked into specimens, and beasts caught and catalogued, as little is known by Englishmen of the religious sentiments, the religious usages, the religious motives, the religious ideas of two hundred millions of Christians poured to and fro, among them and around them, as if, I will not say, they were Tartars or Patagonians, but as if they inhabited the moon. Verily, were the Catholic Church in the moon, England would gaze on her with more patience, and delineate her with more accuracy, than England does now.

This phenomenon is what I in part brought before you in my last Lecture: I said we were thought dupes and rogues, because we were not known: because our countrymen would not be at the pains, or could not stand the shock of realizing that there are two sides to every question, and that in this particular question, perhaps, they had taken the false side. And this evening I am proceeding to the inquiry *how*, in a century of light, when we have re-written our grammars, and revolutionised our chronology, all this can possibly come to pass; how it is that the old family picture of the Man and the Lion keeps its place, though all the rest of John Bull's furniture has been condemned and has been replaced. Alas! that he should be inspecting the silks, and the china, and the jewellery of East and West, but refuse to bestow a like impartial examination on the various forms of Christianity!

1.

Now, if I must give the main and proximate cause of this remarkable state of mind, I must simply say that Englishmen go by that very mode of information in its worst shape, which they are so fond of imputing against Catholics; they go by *tradition*, immemorial, unauthenticated *tradition*. I have no wish to make a rhetorical point, or to dress up a polemical argument. I wish you to investigate the matter philosophically and to come to

results, which not you only, Brothers of the Oratory, who are Catholics, but all sensible men, will perceive to be just and true. I say, then, Englishmen entertain their present monstrous notions of us, mainly because those notions are received on information, not authenticated, but immemorial. This it is that makes them entertain those notions: they talk much of free inquiry; but towards us they do not dream of practising it; they have been taught what they hold, in the nursery, in the school room, in the lecture-class, from the pulpit, from the newspaper, in society. Each man teaches the other: "How do *you* know it?" "Because *he* told me." "And how does *he* know it?" "Because *I* told *him*;" or, at very best advantage, "We both know it, because it was so said when we were young; because no one ever said the contrary; because I recollect what a noise, when I was young, the Catholic Relief Bill made; because my father and the old clergyman said so, and Lord Eldon, and George the Third; and there was Mr. Pitt obliged to give up office, and Lord George Gordon, long before that, made a riot, and the Catholic Chapels were burned down all over the country." Well, these are your grounds for knowing it; and how did those energetic Protestants whom you have mentioned know it themselves? Why, they were told by others before them, and those others by others again a great time back; and there the telling and teaching is lost in fog: and this is mainly what has to be said for the anti-Catholic notions in question. Now this is to believe on *tradition*.

Take notice, my Brothers, I am not reprobating the proper use of tradition; it has its legitimate place and its true service. By tradition is meant, what has ever been held, as far as we know, though we do not know how it came to be held, and for that very reason think it true, because else it would not be held. Now tradition is of great and legitimate use as an *initial* means of gaining notions about historical and other facts; it is the way in which things first come to us; it is natural and necessary to trust it; it is an informant we make use of daily. Life is not long enough for proving everything; we are

obliged to take a great many things upon the credit of others. Moreover, tradition is really a ground in reason, an argument for believing, to a certain point; but then observe, we do not commonly think it right and safe, on the score of mere vague testimony, to keep our eyes and ears so very closely shut against every other evidence, every other means of proof, and to be so furiously certain and so energetically positive that we know all about the matter in question. No; we open our senses wide to what may be said on the other side. We make use of tradition, but we are not content with it; it is enough to begin with, not enough to finish upon.

Tradition, then, being information, not authenticated, but immemorial, is a *primâ facie* evidence of the facts which it witnesses. It is sufficient to make us take a thing for granted, in default of real proof; it is sufficient for our having an *opinion* about it; it is sufficient often to make us feel it to be *safest* to act in a certain way under circumstances; it is *not* sufficient in reason to make us *sure*, much less to make us angry with those who take a different view of the matter. It is not sufficient to warrant us to dispense with proof the other way, if it be offered to us. Supposing, for instance, there was a general belief or impression in England, running up beyond the memory of man, though unsupported by any distinct evidence, that the composer Tallis was the author of the Protestant Hundredth Psalm tune, or that Charles the Second was poisoned, or that Bishop Butler of Durham died a Catholic, I consider we certainly should have acquiesced in the tradition, taken it for granted, and made it our own, as long as it was our only means of forming an opinion on the respective points in question. We should have thought the fact to be such, while there was nothing to set against it. Nor would any other course have been reasonable. But, supposing, in contravention of these traditions, a manuscript of the Psalm tune in question was found in some German library, in the handwriting of Luther; or supposing a statement existed purporting to be drawn up by Charles's medical attendants, accounting for his death, and attri-

buting it, with all appearance of truth, to some natural complaint; or, again, supposing his death was imputed to a very unlikely person, Bishop Ken, or Mr. Evelyn; or supposing Butler's chaplain had left an account of Butler's last hours, from which it was demonstrable that up to the last day of his life he was a Protestant; should we passionately reject, or superciliously make light of this separate evidence, because we were content with our tradition? or, if we were tempted to do so, could we possibly defend our conduct in reason, or recommend it to another? Surely, it would be as extravagant to refuse the presumptions or the evidence offered us in the second place, as to refuse the tradition in the first. Thus, a tradition being an anonymous informant, is of force only under the proviso that it cannot be plausibly disputed.

I am speaking of a single or solitary tradition; for if there be two or three distinct traditions, all saying the same thing, then it is a very different matter: then, as in the case of two or three independent witnesses in a judicial proceeding, there is at once a cumulation of evidence, and its joint effect is very great. Thus, supposing, besides the current belief in England, there was a local tradition, in some out of the way district in Ireland, to the effect that a certain family had gained its estates in reward for the share which its ancestor had in the assassination of Charles the Second, we should certainly consider it at least a singular coincidence; for it would be a second tradition, and if proved to be distinct and independent, would quite alter the influence of the first upon our minds, just as two witnesses at a trial produce an effect on judge and jury simply different from what either of them would produce by himself. And in this way a multiplication of traditions may make a wonderfully strong proof, strong enough even for a person to die for, rather than consent to deny the fact attested; and, therefore, strong enough in reason for him to be very positive upon, very much excited, very angry, and very determined. But when such strong feeling and pertinacity of purpose are created by a mere single and

solitary tradition, I cannot call that state of mind conviction, but prejudice.

Yet this, I must maintain, is the sort of ground on which Protestants are so certain that the Catholic Church is a simple monster of iniquity. If you asked the first person you met why he believed that our religion was so baneful and odious, he would not say, "I have had good proofs of it;" or, "I *know Catholics* too well to doubt it;" or, "I am *well read in history*, and I can vouch for it; or, "I have lived such a long time in *Catholic countries*, I ought to know;"—(of course, I do not mean that no one would make such a reply, but I mean that it would not be the reply of the mass of men; far from it). No; single out a man from the multitude, and he would say something of this sort: "I am *sure* it is:" he will look significant, and say, "You will find it a hard job to make me think otherwise;" or he will look wise, and say, "I can make a pretty good guess how things go on among you;" or he will be angry, and cry out, "Those fellows, the priests, I would not believe them, though they swore themselves black in the face;" or he will speak loudly, and overbear and drown all remonstrance: "It is too notorious for proof; every one knows it; every book says it; it has been so ruled long ago. It is rather too much in the nineteenth century to be told to begin history again, and to have to reverse our elementary facts." That is, in other words, the multitude of men hate Catholicism mainly on tradition, there being few, indeed, who have made fact and argument the primary or the supplemental grounds of their aversion to it. And observe, they hate it on a single, isolated tradition, not a complex, conclusive tradition—not the united tradition of many places. It is true, indeed, that Holland, and Geneva, and Prussia, each has its own tradition against the Catholic Church; but our countrymen do in no sense believe, from any judgment they form on these united British and foreign traditions, but from the tradition of their own nation alone; which, though certainly it comprises millions of souls, nevertheless is so intimately one by the continual intercourse and mutual communication

of part with part, that it cannot with any fairness be considered to contain a number of separate testimonies, but only one. Yet this meagre evidence, I say, suffices to produce in the men of this generation an enthusiastic, undoubting, and energetic persuasion that we torture heretics, immure nuns, sell licences to sin, and are plotting against kings and governments; all, I say, because this was said of Catholics when they were boys. It is the old heirloom, the family picture, which is at once their informant and their proof.

Nor is this phenomenon, remarkable as it is, without its parallel in former passages of the world's history. We have a notable instance in Holy Writ; to which I hope I may allude without risking a theological discussion. We read there of certain parties animated with extreme religious bitterness, simply on the incentive, and for the defence, of traditions which were absolutely worthless. The popular party in Judea, at the Christian era, were the dupes of a teaching, professing, indeed, the authority of their forefathers, or what they called "the tradition of the ancients;" but, in reality, nothing more or less than the "commandment and tradition of men;" of fallible men, nay, not only deceivable, but actually deceived men. This was the fatal flaw in their argument; the tradition might have been kept ever so accurately and religiously, it might with full certainty have been derived from the foregoing generation, and have existed beyond the furthest memory; but this proved nothing while it was traceable up to *man*, not to a divine informant, as its ultimate resolution or first origin. The stream cannot rise higher than its source; if the wellspring of the tradition be human, not divine, what profits its fidelity? Such as is the primary authority, so will be the continuous, the latest derivation. And this, accordingly, was the judgment pronounced in the instance to which I have alluded, on both the doctrine and its upholders. "In vain do they worship Me, teaching doctrines and commandments of *men*." As is the origin, so is the tradition; when the origin is true, the tradition will be true; when the origin is false, the tradition will be false. There can

most surely be true traditions, that is, traditions from true sources; but such traditions, though they really be true, do not profess to prove themselves; they come accompanied by other arguments: the true traditions of Divine Revelation are proved to be true by miracle, by prophesy, by the test of cumulative and collateral evidences, which directly warrant and verify them. Such were not the traditions of the Pharisee—they professed to speak for themselves, they bore witness to themselves, they were their own evidence; and, as might have been expected, they were not trustworthy—they were mere frauds; they came, indeed, down the stream of time, but that was no recommendation, it only put the fraud up higher; it might make it venerable, it could not make it true.

Yet it is remarkable, I say, how positive and fanatical the Jewish people was in its maintenance of these lies. It was irritated, nay, maddened, at hearing them denounced; rose up fiercely against their denouncers; and thought they did God service in putting them to death. It is plain, then, that a popular feeling is not necessarily logical because it is strong.

Now, of course, a great number of persons will not easily allow the fact, that the English animosity against Catholicism is founded on nothing more argumentative than tradition; but, whether I shall succeed in proving this point or not, I think I have at least shown already that tradition is, in itself, quite a *sufficient* explanation of the feeling. I am not assigning a trifling and inadequate cause to so great an effect. If the Jews could be induced to put to death the Founder of our Religion and His disciples on tradition, there is nothing ridiculous in saying that the British scorn and hatred of Catholicism may be created by tradition also. The great question is, the matter of fact, *is* tradition the cause? I say it is; and in saying so, observe, I am speaking of the multitude, not dwelling on exceptions, however numerous in themselves; for doubtless there is a certain number of men, men of thought and reading, who oppose Catholicism, not merely on tradition, but on better arguments; but, I repeat, I am speaking of the

great mass of Protestants. Again, bear in mind, I am speaking of what really *is* the fact, not of what the mass of Protestants will *confess*. Of course no man will admit, if he can help it, even to himself, that he is taking his views of the Catholic Church from Bishop Newton, or buckling on his sword against her preachers, merely because Lord George Gordon did the like; on the contrary, he will perhaps sharply retort, "I never heard of Bishop Newton or of Lord George Gordon—I don't know their names;" but the simple question which we have to determine is the real matter of fact, and not whether the persons who are the subjects of our investigation will themselves admit it. To this point, then, viz., the matter of fact—*Do* Protestants go by tradition? on which I have said something already, I shall now proceed to direct your attention.

How, then, stands the matter of fact? Do the people of this country receive their notion of the Catholic Church in the way of argument and examination, as they would decide in favour of railroads over other modes of conveyance, or on plans of parish relief, or police regulations, and the like? or does it come to them mainly as a tradition which they have inherited, and which they will not question, though they have in their hands abundant reasons for questioning it? I answer, without a doubt, it comes to them as a tradition; the fact is patent and palpable; the tradition is before our eyes, unmistakable; it is huge, vast, various, engrossing; it has a monopoly of the English mind, it brooks no rival, and it takes summary measures with rebellion.

2.

When King Henry began a new religion, when Elizabeth brought it into shape, when her successors completed and confirmed it, they were all of them too wise, and too much in earnest, not to clench their work. They provided for its continuance after them. They, or at least the influences which ruled them, knew well enough that Protestantism, left to itself, could not stand. It

had not that internal consistency in its make, which would support it against outward foes, or secure it against internal disorders. And the event has justified their foresight; whether you look at Lutheranism or Calvinism, you find neither of those forms of religion has been able to resist the action of thought and reason upon it during a course of years; both have changed and come to nought. Luther began his religion in Germany, Calvin in Geneva; Calvinism is now all but extinct in Geneva, and Lutheranism in Germany. It could not be otherwise; such an issue was predicted by Catholics, as well as instinctively felt by the Reformers, at the time that Protestantism started. Give it rope enough, and any one could prophesy its end; so its patrons determined that rope it should not have, but that private judgment should come to a close with their own use of it. There was enough of private judgment in the world, they thought, when they had done with it themselves. So they forcibly shut-to the door which they had opened, and imposed on the populations they had reformed an artificial tradition of their own, instead of the liberty of inquiry and disputation. They worked their own particular persuasion into the political framework of things, and made it a constitutional or national principle; in other words, they established it.

Now, you may say that Catholicism has often been established also. True, but Catholicism does not *depend* on its establishment for its existence, nor does its tradition live upon its establishment; it can do without establishment, and often dispenses with it to an advantage. A Catholic nation, as a matter of course, establishes Catholicism because it *is* a Catholic nation; but in such a case Catholicism and its tradition come first, and establishment comes second; the establishment is the spontaneous act of the people; it is a national movement, the Catholic people does it, and not the Catholic Church. It is but the accident of a particular state of things, the result of the fervour of the people; it is the will of the masses; but, I repeat, it is not necessary for Catholicism. Not necessary, I maintain, and Ireland is my proof of it;

there Catholicism has been, not only not established, it has been persecuted for three hundred years, and at this moment it is more vigorous than ever; whereas, I defy you to bring any instance of a nation remaining Lutheran or Calvinist for even a hundred years, under similarly unpromising circumstances. Where is the country in the whole world, where Protestantism has thriven under persecution, as Catholicism has thriven in Ireland ? You might, indeed, allege in explanation of the fact, that persecution binds a body together; but I do not think that even persecution would, for any course of years, bind Protestants together in one body; for the very principle of private judgment is a principle of disunion, and that principle goes on acting in weal and in woe, in triumph and in disappointment, and its history gives instances of this. But I am speaking, not of what is supposable under certain circumstances, but of what has been the fact; and I say, looking at the subject historically, Protestantism cannot last without an establishment, though Catholicism can; and next, I say, that that establishment of Protestantism is not the work of the people, is not a development of their faith, is not carried by acclamation, but is an act of calculating heads, of State policy, of kingcraft; the work of certain princes, statesmen, bishops, in order if possible, to make that national which as yet is not national, and which, without that patronage, never would be national; and, therefore, in the case of Protestantism, it is not a matter of the greater or less expediency, sometimes advisable, sometimes not, but is always necessary, always imperative, if Protestantism is to be kept alive. Establishmentism is the very life of Protestantism; or, in other words, Protestantism comes in upon the nation. Protestantism is maintained, not in the way of reason and truth, not by appeals to facts, but by tradition, and by a compulsory tradition; and this, in other words, is an establishment.

Now, this establishment of Protestantism was comparatively an easy undertaking in England, without the population knowing much what Protestantism meant, and I will tell you why: there are certain peculiarities of the

English character, which were singularly favourable to the royal purpose. As I have just said, the legitimate intruments for deciding on the truth of a religion are these two, fact and reason, or in other words, the way of history and the way of science; and to both the one and the other of these, the English mind is naturally indisposed. Theologians proceed in the way of reasoning; they view Catholic truth as a whole, as one great system, of which part grows out of part, and doctrine corresponds to doctrine. This system they carry out into its fulness, and define in its details, by patient processes of reason; and they learn to prove and defend it by means of frequent disputations and logical developments. Now, all such abstract investigations and controversial exercises are distasteful to an Englishman; they suit the Germans, and still more the French, the Italians, and the Spaniards, but as to ourselves, we break away from them as dry, uncertain, theoretical, and unreal. The other means of attaining religious truth is the way of history; when, namely, from the review of past times and foreign countries, the student determines what was really taught by the Apostles in the beginning. Now, an Englishman, as is notorious, takes comparatively little interest in the manners, customs, opinions, or doings of foreign countries. Surrounded by the sea, he is occupied with himself; his attention is concentrated on himself; and he looks abroad only with reference to himself. We are a home people; we like a house to ourselves, and we call it our castle; we look at what is immediately before us; we are eminently practical; we care little for the past; we resign ourselves to existing circumstances; we are neither eclectics nor antiquarians; we live in the present. Foreign politics excite us very little; the Minister of Foreign Affairs may order about our fleets, or sign protocols, at his good pleasure, provided he does nothing to cripple trade, or to raise the price of wheat or cotton. Much less do we care to know how they worship, or what they believe, in Germany or in Spain; rather, we are apt to despise their whole apparatus of religion, whatever it is, as odd and

outlandish; and as to past times, English divines have attempted as little for ecclesiastical history as they have attempted for theological science.

Now you see how admirably this temper of Englishmen fits in with the exigencies of Protestantism; for two of the very characteristics of Protestantism are, its want of past history, and its want of fixed teaching. I do not say that no Protestants have investigated or argued; that no Protestants have made appeals to primitive Christianity; such an assertion would be absurd; it was a rule of the game, as it may be called, that they should do so; they were obliged to say what it was that they held, and to prove it they were obliged to recur to ecclesiastical history; certainly; but they have done so because they could not help it; they did so for the moment; they did so for a purpose; they did so as an *argumentum ad hominem;* but they did so as little as they could, and they soon left off doing so. Now especially the Latitudinarian party professes to ignore doctrine, and the Evangelical to ignore history. In truth, philosophy and history do not come natural to Protestantism; it cannot bear either; it does not reason out any point; it does not survey steadily any course of facts. It dips into reason, it dips into history; but it breathes more freely when it emerges again. Observe, then;—the very exercises of the intellect, by which religious truth is attained, are just those which the Englishman is too impatient, and Protestantism too shallow to abide; the natural disposition of the one most happily jumps with the needs of the other. And this was the first singular advantage of Protestantism in England: Catholics reasoned profoundly upon doctrine, Catholics investigated rigidly the religious state of other times and places; in vain,—they had not found the way to gain the Englishman; whereas their antagonists had found a weapon of their own, far more to the purpose of the contest than argument or fact.

That weapon is, what is so characteristic of our people, loyalty to the Sovereign. If there is one passion more than another which advantageously distinguishes the Englishman, it is that of personal attachment. He lives

in the present, in contrast to the absent and the past. He ignores foreigners at a distance; but when they come to him, if they come recommended by their antecedents, and make an appeal to his eyes and his ears, he almost worships them. We all recollect with what enthusiasm the populace received Marshal Soult on his visit to London a few years ago; it was a warm and hearty feeling, elicited by the sight of a brave enemy and a skilful commander, and it took his own countrymen altogether by surprise. The reception given to Louis Philippe, who was far from popular among us, was of a similarly hospitable character; nay, Napoleon himself, who had been the object of our bitterest hatred, on his appearance as a prisoner off the British coast, was visited by numbers with an interest, respect, and almost sympathy, which I consider (*mutatis mutandis*) would not at all have been shown towards Wellington or Blucher, had they been prisoners in France. Again, I suppose the political principles of the Emperor Nicholas are as cordially hated in England as his religious principles are in disrepute in Rome; yet even he, on his successive visits to the two places, encountered a far less flattering reception from the Roman populace than from the people of England. Who so unpopular, thirty years ago, as that remarkable man, Lord Londonderry? yet, when he appeared at George the Fourth's coronation, the sight of his noble figure and bearing drew shouts of applause from the multitude, who had thought they hated him. George himself, worthless as he seems to have been, for how many years had he been an object of popular admiration! till his wife, a more urgent candidate for the eye of pity and sympathy, supplanted him. Charles the Second, the most profligate of monarchs, lived in the hearts of his people till the day of his death. It is the way with Englishmen. A saint in rags would be despised; in broadcloth, or in silk, he would be thought something more than ordinary. St. Francis of Assisi, bareheaded and barefooted, would be hooted; St. Francis Xavier, dressed up like a mandarin, with an umbrella over his head, would inspire wonder

and delight. A Turk, a Parsee, a Chinese, a Bonze, nay, I will say, a chimpanzee, a hippopotamus, has only to show himself in order to be the cynosure of innumerable eyes, and the idol of his hour. Nay even more,—
—I will say a bold thing,—but I am not at all sure, that, except at seasons of excitement like the present, the Pope himself, however he may be abused behind his back, would not be received with cheers, and run after by admiring crowds, if he visited this country, independent of the shadow of Peter which attends him, winning favour and attracting hearts, when he showed himself in real flesh and blood, by the majesty of his presence and the prestige of his name. Such, I say, is the Englishman: with a heart for many objects, with an innate veneration for merit, talents, rank, wealth, science, not in the abstract, however, but as embodied in a visible form; and it is the consciousness of this characteristic which renders statesmen at this moment, of whatever cast of politics, so afraid of the appearance of cardinals and a hierarchy in the midst of the people they have to govern.

3.

These antagonist peculiarities of the English character which I have been describing, lay clear and distinct before the sagacious intellects which were the ruling spirits of the English Reformation. They had to deal with a people who would be sure to revolt from the unnatural speculations of Calvin, and who would see nothing attractive in the dreamy and sensual doctrines of Luther. The emptiness of a ceremonial, and the affectation of a priesthood, were no bribe to its business-like habits and its ingrained love of the tangible. Definite dogma, intelligible articles of faith, formularies which would construe, a consistent ritual, an historical ancestry, would have been thrown away on those who were not sensitive of the connection of faith and reason. Another way was to be pursued with our countrymen to make Protestantism live; and that was to embody it in the person of its Sovereign. English Protestantism is the religion of the

throne: it is represented, realised, taught, transmitted in the succession of monarchs and an hereditary aristocracy. It is religion grafted upon loyalty; and its strength is not in argument, not in fact, not in the unanswerable controversialist, not in an apostolical succession, not in sanction of Scripture,—but in a royal road to faith, in backing up a King whom men see, against a Pope whom they do not see. The devolution of its crown is the tradition of its creed; and to doubt its truth is to be disloyal towards its Sovereign. Kings are an Englishman's saints and doctors; he likes somebody or something at which he can cry "huzzah," and throw up his hat. Bluff King Hal, glorious Bess, the Royal Martyr, the Merry Monarch, the pious and immortal William, the good King George, royal personages very different from each other,—nevertheless, as being royal, none of them comes amiss, but they are all of them the objects of his devotion, and the resolution of his Christianity.

It was plain, then, what had to be done in order to perpetuate Protestantism in a country such as this. Convoke the legislature, pass some sweeping ecclesiastical enactments, exalt the Crown above the Law and the Gospel, down with the Cross and up with the lion and the dog, toss all priests out of the country as traitors; let Protestantism be the passport to office and authority, force the King to be a Protestant, make his court Protestant, bind Houses of Parliament to be Protestant, clap a Protestant oath upon judges, barristers-at-law, officers in army and navy, members of the universities, national clergy; establish this stringent Tradition in every function and department of the State, surround it with the lustre of rank, wealth, station, name, and talent; and this people, so impatient of inquiry, so careless of abstract truth, so apathetic to historical fact, so contemptuous of foreign ideas, will *ex animo* swear to the truth of a religion which indulges their natural turn of mind, and involves no severe thought or tedious application. The Sovereign is the source and the centre, as of civil, so of ecclesiastical arrangements; truth shall be synonymous with order and good government;—what can be simpler

than such a teaching? Puritans may struggle against it, and temporarily prevail; sceptics may ridicule it, object, expose, and refute; readers of the Fathers may strive to soften and embellish it with the colours of antiquity; but strong in the constitution of the law, and congenial to the heart of the people, the royal tradition will be a match for all its rivals, and in the long run will extinguish the very hope of competition.

So counselled the Achitophels of the day; it was devised, it was done. Then was the inauguration of the great picture of the Lion and the Man. The Virgin Queen rose in her strength; she held her court, she showed herself to her people; she gathered round her peer and squire, alderman and burgess, army and navy, lawyer and divine, student and artisan. She made an appeal to the chivalrous and the loyal, and forthwith all that was noble, powerful, dignified, splendid, and intellectual, touched the hilt of their swords, and spread their garments in the way for her to tread upon. And first of all she addressed herself to the Law; and that, not only because it was the proper foundation of a national structure, but also inasmuch as, from the nature of the case, it was her surest and most faithful ally. The Law is a science, and therefore takes for granted afterwards whatever it has once determined; hence it followed, that once Protestant, it would be always Protestant; it could be depended on; let Protestantism be recognised as a principle of the Constitution, and every decision, to the end of time, would but illustrate Protestant doctrines and consolidate Protestant interests. In the eye of the Law precedent is the measure of truth, and order the proof of reasonableness, and acceptableness the test of orthodoxy. It moves forward by a majestic tradition, faithful to its principles, regardless of theory and speculation, and therefore eminently fitted to be the vehicle of English Protestantism such as we have described it, and to co-operate with the monarchical principle in its establishment. Moreover, a number of delicate questions which had been contested in previous centuries, and had hitherto been involved in contradictory precedents, now received once for all a Protestant solution. There had

been prolonged disputes between the Pontificate and the Regale, the dispute about Investitures, of Rufus with St. Anselm, of Henry the Second with St. Thomas, of Henry of Winchester with St. Edmund; and the eighth Harry had settled it in his own way, when, on Cardinal Fisher's refusing to acknowledge his spiritual power, he had, without hesitation, proceeded to cut off his head; but the Law, with its Protestant bias, could now give dignity and form to what, up to this time, to say the least, were *ex parte* proceedings. It was decided, once for all, what was the rule and what the exception; the courts gave Judgment that the saints were to be all in the wrong, the kings were to be all in the right; whatever the Crown had claimed was to be its due, whatever the Pope claimed was to be a usurpation. What could be more simple and conclusive? the most sacred power in the order of nature, "whose voice is the harmony of the world," to whom "all things in earth do homage," the hereditary wisdom and the collective intelligence of a mighty nation in Parliament assembled, the venerable judges of the land, were retained in the interests of a party; their ripe experience, their profound thought, their subtle penetration, their well regulated prudence, were committed for good and all to the politics of a crisis.

So much for the Law; but this was only one of those great functions of the nation which became the instrument of the Protestant Tradition. Elizabeth had an influence on her side, over and above, and even greater than the authority of the Law. She was the queen of fashion and of opinion. The principles of Protestantism rapidly became the standard generally, to which genius, taste, philosophy, learning, and investigation were constrained and bribed to submit. They are her legacy to the nation, and have been taken for granted ever since as starting-points in all discussions and all undertakings. In every circle, and in every rank of the community, in the court, in public meetings, in private society, in literary assemblages, in the family party, it is always assumed that Catholicism is absurd. No one can take part in the business of the great world, no one can speak and debate,

no one can present himself before his constituents, no one can write a book, without the necessity of professing that Protestant ideas are self-evident, and that the religion of Alfred, St. Edward, Stephen Langton, and Friar Bacon, is a bygone dream. No one can be a Catholic without apologising for it. And what is in vogue in the upper classes is ever, as we know, ambitiously aped in the inferior. The religious observances of the court became a reigning fashion throughout the social fabric, as certainly as its language or its mode of dress; and, as an aspirant for distinction advances from a lower grade of society to an upper, he necessarily abandons his vulgar sect, whatever it is, for the national Protestantism. All other ways of thought are as frightful as the fashions of last year; the present is the true, and the divine; the past is dark because its sun has set, and ignorant because it is dumb, and living dogs are worth more than dead lions. As to Catholicism, the utmost liberality which can be extended towards it, is to call it pretty poetry, bearable in a tragedy, intolerable in fact; the utmost charity towards its professors is to confess that they may be better than their creed,—perhaps believe it, and are only dupes,—perhaps doubt it, and are only cowards. Protestantism sets the tone in all things; and to have the patronage of the wealthy, the esteem of the cultivated, and the applause of the many, Catholics must get its phrases by heart.

It is the profession of a gentleman; Catholicism, of underbred persons, of the vulgar-minded, the uncouth, and the ill-connected. We all can understand how the man of fashion, the profligate, the spendthrift, have their own circles, to which none but men of their own stamp and their own opinions are admitted; how to hate religion and religious men, to scoff at principle, and to laugh at heaven and hell, and to do all this with decorum and good breeding, are the necessary title for admittance; and how, in consequence, men at length begin to believe what they so incessantly hear said and what they so incessantly say by rote themselves,—begin to suspect that, after all, virtue, as it is called, is nothing

else than hypocrisy grafted on licentiousness; and that purity and simplicity and earnestness and probity are but the dreams of the young and the theoretical:—it is by a similar policy, and by a similar process, that the fathers and patrons of the English Reformation have given a substance, a momentum, and a permanence to their tradition, and have fastened on us Catholics, first the imputation, then the repute of ignorance, bigotry, and superstition.

And now I will mention a distinct vehicle of the Protestant tradition in England, which was an instance of good fortune, greater than its originators could possibly have anticipated or contrived. Protestantism became, not only the tradition of law and of good society, but the tradition of literature also. There is no English literature before the age of Elizabeth; but with the latter years of her reign begins that succession of great authors which continues to flow on down to this day. So it was, that about the commencement of the sixteenth century learning revived; on the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, the men of letters of the imperial city, and, what was of more consequence, its libraries, became the property of the West. Schools were opened for the cultivation of studies which had made Greece as renowned among the nations in the gifts of intellect, as Judea has been in the gifts of grace. The various perfections of the Greek language, the treasures of Greek thought, the life and taste of Greek art, after the sleep of ages, burst upon the European mind. It was like the warmth, the cheerfulness, and the hues of spring succeeding to the pure and sublime, but fantastic forms of winter frost-work. The barbarism, the sternness, the untowardness of the high and noble medieval school, eyed with astonishment the radiance, and melted beneath the glow of a genius unrivalled in the intellectual firmament. A world of ideas, transcendent in beauty and endless in fertility, flooded the imagination of the scholar and the poet. The fine arts underwent a classical development, and the vernacular tongues caught the refinement and the elegance of the age of Pericles and Alexander. The revival began in Catholic Italy; it advanced into Catho-

lic France; at length it showed itself in Protestant England. A voice came forth from the grave of the old world, as articulate and keen as that of a living teacher; and it thrilled into the heart of the people to whom it came, and it taught them to respond to it in their own tongue,—and that teaching was coincident in this country with the first preaching of Protestantism. It was surely a most lucky accident for the young religion, that, while the English language was coming to the birth with its special attributes of nerve, simplicity, and vigour, at its very first breathings, Protestantism was at hand to form it upon its own theological *patois*, and to educate it as the mouthpiece of its own tradition. So, however, it was to be; and soon,

> "As in this bad world below
> Noblest things find vilest using,"

the new religion employed the new language for its purposes, in a great undertaking, the translation of its own Bible; a work which, by the purity of its diction, and the strength and harmony of its style, has deservedly become the very model of good English, and the standard of the language to all future times. The same age, which saw this great literary achievement, gave birth to some of the greatest masters of thought and composition in distinct departments of authorship. Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney, Raleigh, Bacon, and Hooker are its own; and they were, withal, more or less the panegyrists of Elizabeth and her Religion, and moreover, at least the majority of them, adherents of her creed, because already clients of her throne. The Mother of the Reformation is, in the verses of Shakespeare, "a fair vestal throned by the west;" in the poem of Spenser she is the Faery Queen, Gloriana, and the fair huntress, Belphebe, while the militant Christian is rescued from the seductions of Popery, Duessa, by Una, the True Church, or Protestant Religion. The works of these celebrated men have been but the beginning of a long series of creations of the highest order of literary merit, of which Protestantism is the intellectual basis, and Protestant institutions the informing

object. What was wanting to lead the national mind a willing captive to the pretensions of Protestantism, beyond the fascination of genius so manifold and so various? What need of controversy to refute the claims of Catholicism, what need of closeness of reasoning, or research into facts, when under a Queen's smile this vast and continuous Tradition had been unrolled before the eyes of men, luminous with the most dazzling colours, and musical with the most subduing strains? Certainly the lion's artists, even had they had the fairest play, could have set up no rival exhibition as original and as brilliant as this.

Nor was it court poets alone, as time went on, who swelled the torrent of the Protestant Tradition. Milton from the middle class, and Bunyan from among the populace, exerted an influence superior to Shakespeare himself, whose great mind did not condescend to the direct inculcation of a private or a sectarian creed. Their phrases, their sentiments, are the household words of the nation, they have become its interpreters of Scripture, and, I may say, its prophets,—such is the magical eloquence of their compositions; so much so, that I really shall not be far from the mark in saying of them, and this is true of Shakespeare also, that the ordinary run of men find it very difficult to determine, in respect to the proverbs, instances, maxims, and half sentences which are in the nation's mouth, which, and how much, is from the Bible, and how much from the authors I have mentioned. There is a saying, "Give me the framing of a nation's proverbs, and others may frame its laws:" and its proverbs are the produce of its literature. What, indeed, could possibly stand against the rush and vehemence of such a Tradition, which has grown fuller and fuller, and more and more impetuous, with every successive quarter of a century! Clarendon and the statesmen, Locke and the philosophers, Addison, and the essayists, Hume, Robertson, and the historians, Cowper and the minor poets, the reviews and magazines of the present century, all proceed upon the hypothesis, which they think too self-evident for proof, that Protes-

tantism is synonymous with good sense, and Catholicism with weakness of mind, fanaticism, or some unaccountable persuasion or fancy. Verse and prose, grave and gay, the scientific and the practical, history and fable, all is animated spontaneously, or imperiously subdued, by the spirit of Henry and Elizabeth. I say, "imperiously subdued," because the Tradition of Protestantism is strong enough, not only to recommend, but to force, its reception on each successive generation of authors. It compels when it cannot persuade. There is Alexander Pope, a Catholic, and who would discover it from the run of his poems? There is Samuel Johnson, born a Protestant, yearning for the Catholic Church, and bursting out into fitful defences of portions of her doctrine and discipline, yet professing to the last that very Protestantism which could neither command his affections, nor cure his infirmities. And, in our own time, there was Walter Scott, ashamed of his own Catholic tendencies, and cowering before the jealous frown of the tyrant Tradition. There was Wordsworth, obliged to do penance for Catholic sonnets by anti-Catholic complements to them. Scott, forsooth, must plead antiquarianism in extenuation of his prevarication; Wordsworth must plead Pantheism; and Burke, again, must plead political necessity. Liberalism, scepticism, infidelity, these must be the venial errors, under plea of which a writer escapes reprobation for the enormity of feeling tenderly towards the Religion of his fathers, and of his neighbours around him. That Religion labours under a proscription of three centuries, and it is outlawed by immemorial custom.

No wonder, then, that Protestantism, being the religion of our literature, has become the Tradition of civil intercourse and political life; no wonder that its assumptions are among the elements of knowledge, unchangeable as the moods of logic, or the idioms of language, or the injunctions of good taste, or the proprieties of good manners. Elizabeth's reign is "golden," Mary is "bloody," the Church of England is "pure and apostolical," the Reformers are "judicious," the Prayer Book is "incom-

parable," or "beautiful," the Thirty-nine Articles are "moderate," "Pope" and "pagan" go together, and "the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender." The anti-Catholic rancour is carried into your marts of commerce; London is burned down, and forthwith your greatest architect is instructed to set up a tall pillar to perpetuate the lie, that the Papists were the incendiaries. Take your controversy with you when you sit down to cards, and let the taunting name of Pope Joan be the title of your game. Run a horse the coming year, and among your Sorcerers, Lamplighters, Malibrans, and Priams, you will find Crucifix a striking, perhaps a lucky name for your beast; it is but the emblem of an extinct superstition. Dress up for some fancy ball, or morris-dance, and let the Grand Turk jump about on one side of you, and the Pope with cross, and beads, and triple crown, upon the other. Go to the stage of the Mountebank, and teach him, when he displays his sleight-of-hand, to give effect to his tricks by the most sacred words of the Catholic ritual. Into your very vocabulary let Protestantism enter; let priest, and mass, and mass-priest, and mass-house have an offensive savour on your palate; let monk be a word of reproach; let Jesuitism and Jesuitical, in their first intention, stand for what is dishonourable and vile. What chance has a Catholic against so multitudinous, so elementary a Tradition? Here is the Tradition of the Court, and of the Law, and of Society, and of Literature, strong in themselves, and acting on each other, and acting on a willing people, and the willing people acting on them, till the whole edifice stands self-supported, reminding one of some vast arch (as at times may be seen), from which the supports have crumbled away by age, but which endures still, and supports the huge mass of brick-work which lies above it, by the simple cohesion of parts which that same age has effected. My Brothers of the Oratory, you see what I meant when I spoke of the Tradition of the Pharisees, and said that it might be powerful in influence, though it was argumentatively weak; you see why it is that the fair form of Catholicism, as it exists in the east, west, and south, never crosses the retina of a Pro-

whisper of Catholicism, and it recognises by instinct the presence of its connatural foe. Forthwith, as during the last year, the atmosphere is tremulous with agitation, and discharges its vibrations far and wide. A movement is in birth which has no natural crisis or resolution. Spontaneously the bells of the steeples begin to sound. Not by an act of volition, but by a sort of mechanical impulse, bishop and dean, archdeacon and canon, rector and curate, one after another, each on his high tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intenseness, and thickening emotion, and deepening volume, the old ding-dong which has scared town and country this weary time; tolling and chiming away, jingling and clamouring and ringing the changes on their poor half-dozen notes, all about "the Popish aggression," "insolent and insidious," "insidious and insolent," "insolent and atrocious," "atrocious and insolent," "atrocious. insolent, and ungrateful," "ungrateful, insolent, and atrocious," "foul and offensive," "pestilent and horrid," "subtle and unholy," "audacious and revolting," "contemptible and shameless," "malignant," "frightful," "mad," "meretricious,"—bobs (I think the ringers call them), bobs, and bobs-royal, and triple-bob-majors, and grandsires,—to the extent of their compass and the full ring of their metal, in honour of Queen Bess, and to the confusion of the Holy Father and the Princes of the Church.*

So it is now; so it was twenty years ago; nay, so it has been in all years as they came, even the least controversial. If there was no call for a contest, at least there was the opportunity of a triumph. Who could want matter for a sermon, if ever his thoughts would not flow, whether for convenient digression, or effective peroration? Did a preacher wish for an illustration of heathen superstition or Jewish bigotry, or an instance of hypocrisy, ignorance, or spiritual pride? the Catholics were at hand. The deliverance from Egypt, the golden calf, the fall of Dagon,

* The foregoing Lecture in 1851 was, by an accidental coincidence, written simultaneously with an able pamphlet by Serjeant Bellasis *apropos* of the conduct of the Anglican clergy of the day.

the sin of Solomon, the cruelties of Jezebel, the worship of Baal, the destruction of the brazen serpent, the finding of the Law, the captivity in Babylon, Nebuchodonosor's image, Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians, and Zealots, mint, anise, and cummin, brazen pots and vessels, all in their respective places and ways, would give opportunity to a few grave words of allusion to the "monstrous errors" or the "childish absurdities" of the "Romish faith." Does any one wish an example of pride? there stands Wolsey; of barbarity? there is the Duke of Alva; of rebellion? there is Becket; of ambition? there is Hildebrand; of profligacy? there is Cæsar Borgia; of superstition? there is Louis the Eleventh; of fanaticism? there are the Crusaders. Saints and sinners, monks and laymen, the devout and the worldly, provided they be but Catholics, are heaped together in one indiscriminate mass, to be drawn forth for inspection and exposure according to the need.

The consequence is natural;—tell a person of ordinary intelligence, Churchman or Dissenter, that the vulgar allegations against us are but slanders,—simple lies, or exaggerations, or misrepresentations; or, as far as they are true, admitting of defence or justification, and not to the point; and he will laugh in your face at your simplicity, or lift up hands and eyes at your unparalleled effrontery. The utmost concession he will make is to allow the possibility of incidental and immaterial error in the accusations which are brought against us; but the substance of the traditional view he believes, as firmly as he does the Gospel, and if you reject it and protest against it, he will say it is just what is to be expected of a Catholic, to lie and to circumvent. To tell him at his time of life, that Catholics do not rate sin at a fixed price, that they may not get absolution for a sin in prospect, that priests can live in purity, that nuns do not murder each other, that the laity do not make images their God, that Catholics would not burn Protestants if they could! Why, all this is as perfectly clear to him as the sun at noonday; he is ready to leave the matter to the first person he happens to meet; every one will tell

us just the same; only let us try; he never knew there was any doubt at all about it; he *is* surprised, for he thought we granted it. When he was young, he has heard it said again and again; to his certain knowledge it has uniformly been said the last forty, fifty, sixty years, and no one ever denied it; it is so in all the books he ever looked into; what is the world coming to? What is true, if this is not? So, Catholics are to be whitewashed! What next?

And so he proceeds in detail;—the Papists not worship the Virgin Mary! why, they call her "Deipara," which means "equal to God."

The Pope not the man of sin! why, it is a fact, that the Romanists distinctly maintain that "The Pope is God, and God is the Pope."

The Pope's teaching not a doctrine of devils! here is a plain proof of it; Cardinal Bellarmine expressly "maintains that, if the Pope commanded us to practise vice or shun virtue, we are obliged to do so, under pain of eternal damnation."

Not a Pope Joan! why, she was "John the Eighth, her real name was Gilberta, she took the name of John English, delivered public lectures at Rome, and was at length unanimously elected Pope."

What! Councils infallible; open your eyes, my brother, and judge for yourself; "fifteen hundred public women followed the train of the Fathers of Constance."

Jesuits! here are at least twenty thousand in England; and, horrible to say, a number of them in each of the Protestant Universities, and doubtless a great many at Oscott.

Beauty and sanctity of the Popish festivals! do you not know that the Purification "is the very feast that was celebrated by the ancient pagan Romans in honour of the goddess Proserpina?"

The Papists not corrupters of the Scriptures! look into their Bibles, and you will find they read the prophecy in Genesis, "*She* shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for *her* heel."

Popery preach Christ! no: "Popery," as has been well

said, "is the religion of priestcraft; from the beginning to the end it is nothing but priest, priest, priest."*

I shall both weary and offend you, my Brothers, if I proceed. Even absurdity becomes tiresome after a time, and slanders cast on holy things and persons, when dwelt on, are too painful for a Catholic's ears; yet it was necessary for my subject to give instances of the popular views of us and of our creed, as they are formed under the operation of the Tradition of Elizabeth.

Here I am reminded of another sort of Tradition, started by a very different monarch, which in the event was handled very differently. It is often told how Charles the Second once sent a grave message to the Royal Society. That scientific body was founded in his reign, and the witty king, as became his well-known character, could not help practising a jest upon it. He proposed a question for its deliberation; he asked it, as I daresay you have often heard, to tell him how it was that a live fish weighed less heavily in water than after it was dead. The Society, as it was in duty bound, applied itself to solve the phenomenon, and various were the theories to which it gave occasion. At last it occurred to its members to determine the fact, before deciding on any of them; when, on making the experiment, to their astonishment they found that the hypothesis was a mere invention of their royal master's, because the dead fish was not heavier in water than the living.

Well would it be if Englishmen in like manner, instead of taking their knowledge of us at (what may be called) royal hand, would judge about us for themselves, before they hunted for our likeness in the book of Daniel, St. Paul's Epistles, and the Apocalypse. They then would be the first to smile at their own extravagance; but, alas! as yet, there are no such signs of such ordinary prudence. Sensible in other matters, they lose all self-command when the name of Catholicism is sounded in their ears.

* *Vide* Stephen's Spirit of the Church of Rome; Edgar's Variations; Cramp's Text-Book of Popery, &c.; the books I happen to have at hand.

They trust the voice of Henry or Elizabeth, with its thousand echoes, more than their own eyes and their own experience; and they are zealous in echoing it themselves to the generation which is to follow them. Each in his turn, as his reason opens, is indoctrinated in the popular misconception. At this very time, in consequence of the clamour which has been raised against us, children in the streets, of four and five years old, are learning and using against us terms of abuse, which will be *their* tradition all through their lives, till they are grey-headed, and have, in turn, to teach it to their grandchildren. They totter out, and lift their tiny hands, and raise their thin voices, in protest against those whom they are just able to understand are very wicked and very dangerous; and they run away in terror when they catch our eye. Nor will the growth of reason set them right; the longer they live, and the more they converse with men, the more will they hate us. The Maker of all, and only He, can shiver in pieces this vast enchanted palace in which our lot is cast; may He do it in His time!

208
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